

ÉDITION DE LUXE

NO. 822

AUGUST 29, 1885

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE



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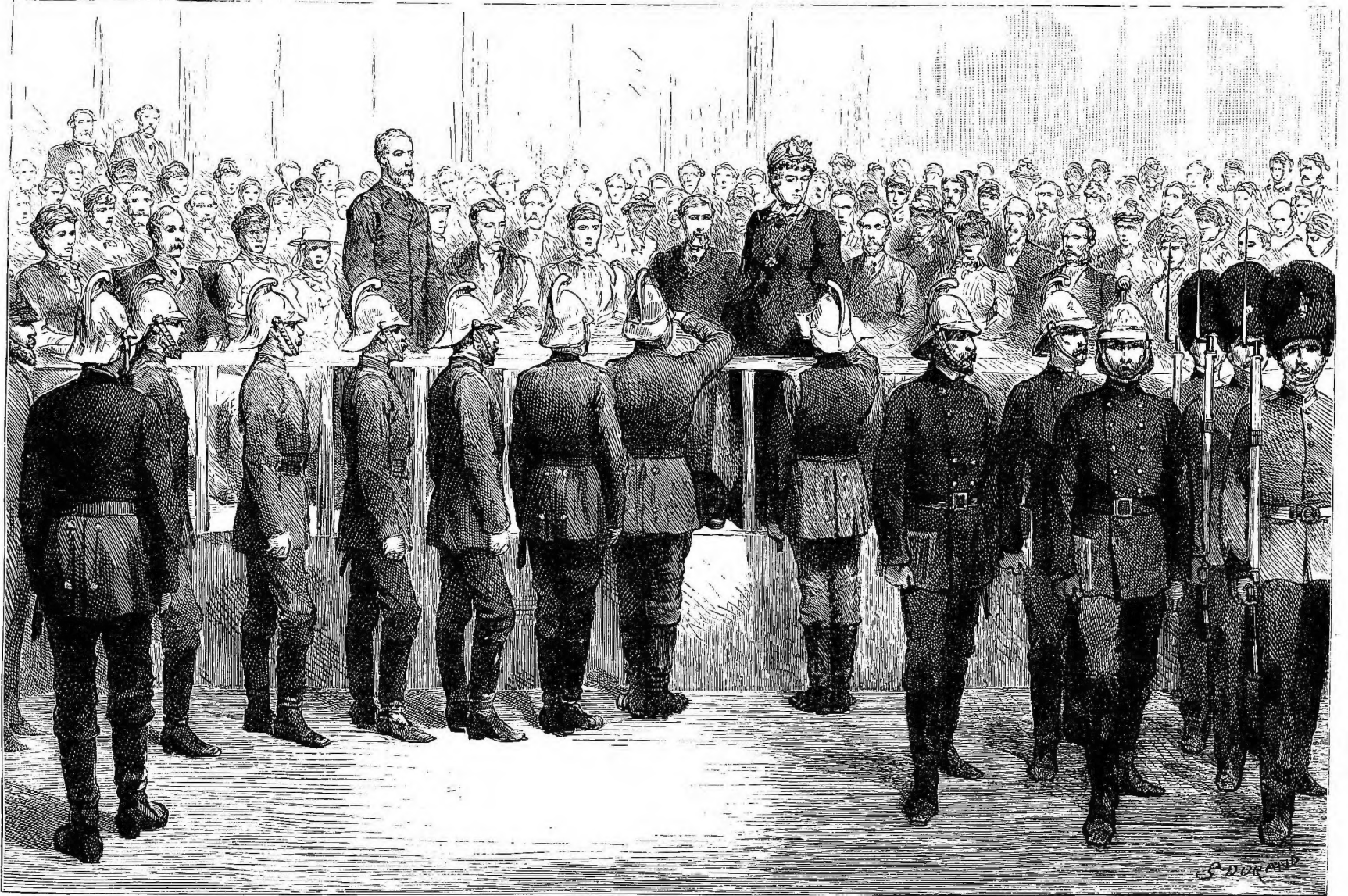
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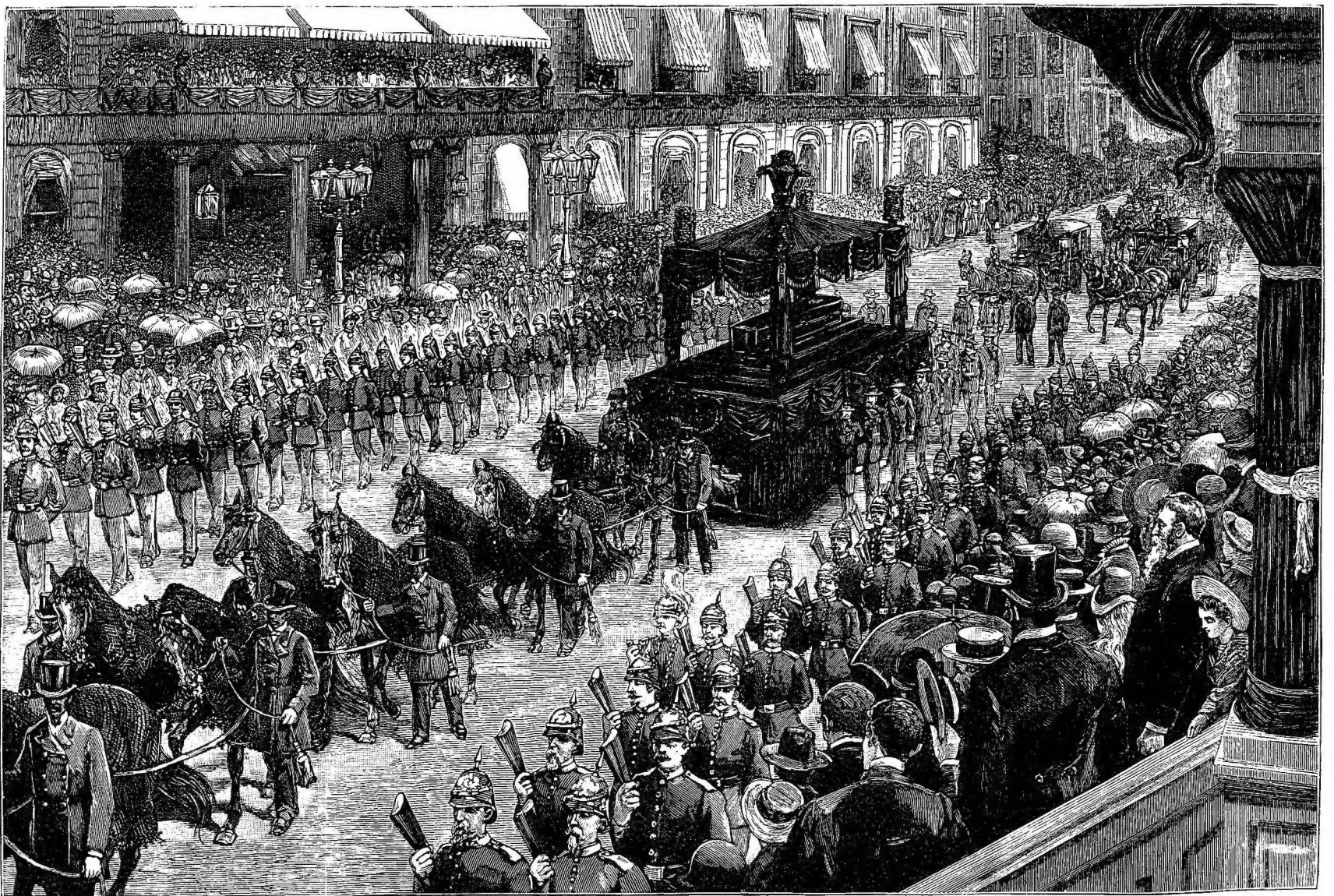
SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
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PRINCESS CHRISTIAN DISTRIBUTING CERTIFICATES OF THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION AT THE GUILDHALL



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE GENERAL GRANT IN NEW YORK—THE FUNERAL CAR PASSING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE



## Topics of the Week

**LORD SALISBURY'S "HOLIDAY."**—The Prime Minister has betaken himself to the Chalet Cecil, there to seek relaxation from those weighty cares of State which, as all men know, he was greatly disinclined to undertake. It is not improbable that the same disinterested patriotism which induced Lord Salisbury to accept office, will operate within a week or two to send him roving over the Continent "for his country's good." Although matters seem to be settling down, and the puckered face of diplomacy is becoming less wrinkled, there is plenty of work for a dove of peace to perform in Europe. The Egyptian snake is scotched, not killed, and, although that sort of work lies more with a secretary bird than with a diplomatic dove, we feel some confidence that Lord Salisbury will be able to invest himself with the required attributes. Much more ticklish is the Afghan business. The St. Petersburg papers have, it is true, suddenly burst forth with a gleeful chorus that, owing to certain topographical discoveries, the Czar now finds that he has no occasion for the stretch of territory near the Zulfikar Pass to which he laid such strenuous claim. With charming generosity, he purposes, we are assured, to yield every acre to the Ameer without any more demur. Very good; Claude du Val was distinguished from other knights of the road by his habit of generally restoring to the ladies whom he plundered some trinket of small value, the only condition being that they should execute a gavotte with him by the road side. The Czar's gavotte with the Ameer will come by and by, no doubt, and we can only hope that England will not have to make the music. There is an ugly question about the ownership of Badakshan standing in the background, while Maimenah is a nice place, and Balkh a nicer. The truth is that, even if the Zulfikar difficulty be surmounted, only a comparatively small part of the frontier will be thereby delimited, leaving the rest for General Komaroff and the invaluable Alikhanoff to outline at their leisure. Lord Salisbury will have plenty to talk over with M. de Giers should they chance to meet.

**THE IRISH DICTATOR.**—The speech of Mr. Parnell at a banquet given in Dublin a few nights ago to the members of the Irish party who follow his lead in the House of Commons may be taken as a carefully excogitated manifesto. The occasion was a notable one, coming as it did at the close of a Parliamentary period in which the Irish party has taken a very conspicuous part, and just before the din of battle which will so soon be heard at the General Election, and particularly in many Irish districts. Mr. Parnell was quite equal to the occasion, and in a measured and cold-blooded style, which he seems to have made a study, he left no doubt as to what the aspirations of his party really are, though his language was ostentatiously guarded. Assuming as a matter of certainty that he will have little short of a hundred members at his back in the new Parliament at St. Stephen's, Mr. Parnell seems to take for granted that a "National Irish Parliament" on College Green, "without a Second Chamber," will follow in due course; and this Parliament, he demands, shall have powers such as even the most sanguine Home Rulers but a few years ago would have hardly dared to suggest with bated breath. That Ireland will declare for this "National Legislature" at the poll is certain enough, and it will mean thereby not only an absolute power over the lives and fortunes of all classes, the application of the principles of the National League to the agrarian problem, and the "encouragement of national industries," which is only a synonym for Protection, but, behind and beyond all this, absolute independence of this country. All that has been done for Ireland of late years is taken by Mr. Parnell and his friends, not as concessions, but as a restoration of rights; and it is as clear as the sun at noon day, though somewhat veiled in words, that nothing short of a separation *in toto* from this country will satisfy the "uncrowned king" and his subjects. Whatever measures of Home Rule the next Parliament may think fit to offer, the English people will be more than foolish if they shut their eyes to the determined object the Nationalists have in view, and to attain which they will hesitate at nothing when it comes to the pinch. Mr. Chamberlain and our "Extreme Left" will do well to reconsider the position they seem inclined to take up, or they will find themselves in a painful dilemma.

**THE EMPERORS AT KREMSIER.**—"Two's company; three's none," says the adage, but if we judge rightly three would have been more acceptable company than the proverbial couple in the recent meeting at Kremsier. There is little doubt that Germany is the mainstay of the Triple Alliance, and that Russia and Austria only extend to each other the hand of good fellowship under the auspices of Emperor William. Russia and Austria have too many conflicting interests to entertain any spontaneous affection, and, indeed, the Muscovite has probably been admitted into the Teuton-Magyar alliance more for the purpose of keeping him in order than from any feeling of friendship. At the same time Germany has always professed a more amicable spirit towards Russia than has her southern neighbour, and the absence of the Emperor must have been keenly felt in

the private interviews between Emperor Francis Joseph and Czar Alexander. It is true that the former has spent fabulous sums in fitting out railway carriages and a palace for his guests, and that the Empress and Czarina warmly embraced each other, but meantime St. Petersburg journals were growling at Austrian encroachments in the Balkan district, while German and Magyar organs alike were significantly cool in their comments on the Czar's visit, and hinted very plainly that, though the Sovereigns may be close friends, the two nations are by no means on so amicable a footing. Indeed, it is evident that the Imperial interview was even more hollow than such meetings usually are, and that the two Empires are as far as ever from a complete political alliance—such, for instance, as now exists between Austria and Germany. It may suit Russia at present to secure strong allies in Europe while she is busy in Central Asia, but there are no signs that she has in any way abandoned her long-cherished designs upon the Balkan Peninsula, or her scheme for uniting the whole Slav race under an autocratic Russian ruler. It is the knowledge of this that has rendered the reception of the Czar at Kremsier so effusively official, and the welcome accorded by the nation so studiously cool.

**LORD RIPON'S DEFENCE.**—It cannot be said that Lord Ripon made a very successful defence of his Indian Administration in his speech at Bolton. He certainly succeeded in showing that Lord Randolph Churchill saddled him with blame for doing the very things which that sprightly Minister found most praiseworthy in Lord Lytton. But the ex-Viceroy did not attempt to meet the gravest charge brought against him, not merely by Lord Randolph Churchill, but by the country at large. This is that, although he foresaw—as he has repeatedly admitted he did—the early approach of Russia to the North-West Frontier, he never attempted to make any provision against the danger. That is the unquestionable fact. Perhaps some day we shall hear from Lord Ripon an explanation of this strange and most culpable neglect. In one part of his speech he gave, we think, something of a clue. This was where he asserted that he had strongly objected to the abandonment of Pishin, and to the cessation of work on the Quetta Railway; but that his wishes were overruled by the Home Government. This shifts the blame for those disastrous proceedings to a certain extent; but Lord Ripon is by no means completely exonerated. A Viceroy is bound to resign if his judgment in matters of vital moment is ever thrust aside; and, had Lord Ripon only threatened to do so, he would certainly have carried his point against the scuttling-out section of the Cabinet. Unfortunately, he did not possess the requisite stiffness of backbone, and, having once given way, he found it impossible to make another stand, even when the shadow of the Cossack projected itself over Herat. We give Lord Ripon every credit for the profound loyalty to Mr. Gladstone which prevented him from threatening to resign. But loyalty to a party chief sometimes comes dangerously close to disloyalty to the nation, and we fear this will be the judgment of posterity on Lord Ripon's remissness in not setting his house in order when the robber stood at the door.

**FISH CULTURE.**—Now that the National Fish Culture Association has got its recently acquired breeding establishment at Delaford Park, near West Drayton, into working order, with its succession of ponds and all the paraphernalia required in the pursuit of pisciculture, we may fairly expect results even more satisfactory than those which have been achieved. Some of these are already in evidence at the Inventions Exhibition, where the Aquarium is under the management of the Association. In one of the smaller tanks may be seen some very lively specimens of the American whitefish—*Coregonus albus*—raised from ova presented to the Association by the Marquis of Lorne, who has done his utmost to introduce them into this country, but hitherto without success. There is now a good hope the object will be attained, as the young fish are remarkably healthy, and are already more than two inches in length, showing very distinctly the adipose fin, which indicates that they are of the *Salmonidae* family. The whitefish is abundant in the Canadian lakes, and both the Canadian and United States Governments assist in the artificial breeding of millions of fry every year, as they consider the fish an important contribution to the food supply of the people. Its flesh is firm and delicate, and free from the oil which is found in other members of the family. Unfortunately it is not an angler's fish, as it refuses lures of all kinds; but as it is a very rapid grower, and reaches a weight of between 20 lbs. and 40 lbs., it must become very valuable as food, if some of the Scotch and Irish lakes are found suitable for its acclimatisation, of which there can be little doubt. This fish is becoming established in Australia. In another tank at South Kensington may be seen specimens of the "land-locked" salmon of America, raised from ova presented by the American Government. There is every reason to believe that these fish will thrive in many of our lakes. They do not attain the weight of our *Salmo salar*, but are gastronomically much to be desired. The catfish from America, in one of the large tanks, have created great interest, and, indeed, alarm, among anglers, who are fearful of the Association distributing them in English waters. There seems to be some misapprehension as regards these fish, which must not be confounded with the large salt-water catfish. The

catfish in question are indigenous to the fresh waters of America, and in that country are looked upon as a great table delicacy. However, the public, and especially the angling public, may rest assured that nothing will be done towards distributing them or any other fish in this country till their habits have been well ascertained by observation at Delaford Park. In all probability the catfish will not be found nearly as voracious as our perch. The piscicultural experiments which are now being carried out, both publicly and privately, at various centres in the country, cannot fail within a few years to secure results which will conduce both to the angler's sport and to the food supply of the people.

**ANGLOPHOBIA IN FRANCE.**—By constantly repeating his version of the story of M. Olivier Pain's death in the Soudan M. Rochefort has induced numbers of his countrymen to believe the story as firmly as doubtless he does himself. Moreover, as there is a dead lull in political circles at home, and no little war is being waged abroad, the irrepressible effervescence of the French character is finding a vent in an outburst of irritation against England, whom it accuses, on the evidence of an interpreter dismissed from the British service for bad character, of having put the ex-Communist hero to death in cold blood. The Queen and Prince of Wales, General Wolseley and his officers, and the English nation at large, are all, it appears, equally culpable, and, as their representative, the British Ambassador at Paris, Lord Lyons, is threatened with vengeance. It is true that the British Government have denied the charge, and have been at the trouble to obtain tangible evidence that M. Pain died a natural death; but the testimony of accused parties, they say, goes for little. Even the French Government, while rendering all due diplomatic apologies to Lord Lyons, qualified this act of grace by publishing a semi-official note, remarking that the incident was now closed, and that the "dispute is, therefore, confined to the conflicting statements of M. Selikovitch and Major Kitchener, which it is for them to reconcile." It would be absurd, however, to attach too much importance to the rhodomontade in which the Radical papers are now indulging. The French have that peculiar trait of never being happy without some grievance over which they may work themselves into a state of excitement. Two years ago they mobbed King Alfonso because the sight of a crowned head offended their Republican tastes. A few months since the cry of "revenge" was once more raised against Germany—though promptly crushed, by the way, by the iron hand of Prince Bismarck. It has ever been a favourite sport of French journalists to attack England whenever they have been short of "copy," and it must be borne in mind that French journalists do not reflect the opinion of the nation, but only those of individuals. A certain irritation against England, it is true, has existed in the Gallic mind since the Alexandrian bombardment, but this has been far more due to annoyance at their own policy of abstention than at the English policy of action, and England is far more popular with the majority of Frenchmen than is generally credited on this side of the Channel. Reverting for a moment to the present grievance, we do not like the *tu quoque* argument as a rule, but, if we remember rightly, the French had no scruples in executing summary justice upon spies in the Franco-Prussian War.

**THE EXPEDITION AGAINST SHINAR.**—Some evil influence must certainly cling to the Red Sea littoral, equally malific to England whether her destinies are guided by the star of Liberalism or of Conservatism. When Mr. Gladstone was in office, the whole history of our doings in the Red Sea was a prolonged blunder. But better things were hoped for under Conservative rule, and until now no eccentricity, either military or naval, has been committed. At last, however, the fatal charm has fallen on Lord Salisbury, and he now stands credited with as odd and meaningless an expedition as the most unaccountable and abortive of Mr. Gladstone's screaming farces. About 140 miles to the north of Suakim the Suakim stands, or stood, a village named Shinar. Heresome Soudanese established themselves, and collected great store of cloth and grain. They also had a boat, a not uncommon possession of people who dwell by the sad sea waves. We thus get a picture of what, in any other country but the Soudan, would be a small commercial port, prosperous, enterprising and ambitious. But to the authorities at Suakim, it appears to have presented the aspect of a dangerous "rebel" post in the Soudan, whenever one man wishes to kill another for no particular reason, he always calls his intended victim a "rebel." Having come to that conclusion, the authorities started off an Egyptian transport, with 40 native police and 200 "friendlies" on board, for Shinar, where, after being "resisted strongly" at first, the gallant force achieved a glorious victory. Many of the "rebels" were killed, large quantities of grain and cloth were burnt, other large quantities were put on board the transport, and after destroying the village, the expedition returned. Might we ask, what was the object of this enterprise? Even if the Shinar population was hostile—we doubt it greatly, because the Egyptian police and the "friendlies" would scarcely have shown so much valour against Osman Digma's men—they were doing us no harm. Perhaps it may have been suspected that Shinar was being converted into an outlet for the slave trade. But unless we are going to establish British garrisons along the whole deadly coast, that abominable traffic is sure to revive, and it might as well do so at Shinar as elsewhere.



**FORESTRY.**—The appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Commons on Forestry, moved for last May by Sir John Lubbock, and supported by that inveterate "hewer of wood," the late Prime Minister, has brought forth some fruit, in the shape of the recent publication of the evidence taken before it. Being unable to conclude its investigations, it has recommended that a similar Committee to consider the establishment of a "School of Forestry" in this country should be appointed next Session, a recommendation which will doubtless be acted on whatever may be the political complexion of the next Parliament. As most persons are aware, there are Schools of Forestry in Germany, Russia, France, Italy, and elsewhere; and Great Britain is the only nation of eminence which has no such establishment. It is true we have in India an excellent School for this department of national economy, and it has already done good work, the benefit of which will be felt in future years even more than it is now; but our colonies, on which probably we shall have in a great measure to depend for our future supply in timber, are more or less neglected as to a judicious handling of their forests, the impression seeming to be that the vast and various reserves of woods in Canada and Australia are inexhaustible. The destruction which has been wrought in many countries, and especially in America, owing to the neglect of the economy of forestry has been very great, and will take years to replace. This destruction does not only involve a loss of material, but it often means the ruin of great rivers for navigation, damage to towns on their banks, and spoliation of broad acres of the richest agricultural land, for forests in numerous districts control the flow of rivers by preventing the banks being washed away in floods. The study of forestry is also most important as regards the influence forests have on the rainfall and climate in many districts, as various countries have found out to their cost. Some generations ago a well-known city in South America was famous for its healthiness in a generally unhealthy country; but suddenly it became the reverse of salubrious, and it was not for many years discovered that the change in the health of the place was coincident with the almost universal cutting down of the trees in its vicinity. The gradual growth of fresh trees has gradually restored the city to its former healthiness. What we have effected in Cyprus and parts of the West Indies is an example of the importance of forestry. Perhaps the present juncture is not a bad one wherein to consider the question of re-foresting Ireland.

**CHOLERA PRECAUTIONS.**—The increase of the cholera in Spain and the South of France, and the intense virulence of the disease, have very naturally roused an increasing feeling of alarm at the prospect of the dread epidemic invading our shores this autumn. Thus our weak points on all sides are being anxiously discussed, the polluted condition of our rivers, the unhealthiness of our dwellings, the insanitation of our drainage are all being descanted upon with a frankness which creates a feeling of wonder that London and our provincial towns are not hot-beds of disease, in place of being the healthiest cities in the whole world, both as regards their rates of mortality and those of longevity. One correspondent warns people off the Spanish grapes which have been so plentiful in London during the past few years; another is anxious about the importation of rags; while a third implores some well-known physician to publish a cholera prescription so that nervous folk may carry it about with them in case of need. Nor is all this precautionary spirit confined to mere letter-writers. Our sanitary authorities are working quietly but vigilantly, and it may relieve many anxious spirits to learn that the Metropolitan Asylums Board are making extensive arrangements for accommodating the sick in the event of an epidemic. Thus most existing hospitals have agreed to place a certain number of beds at the Board's disposal to constitute a first line of defence; in districts where no hospitals exist suitable accommodation is being secured, and it is further proposed that the local sanitary authorities should establish homes of refuge, where the denizens of a crowded dwelling can be temporarily removed should a case of cholera occur in their midst. Meanwhile, though public authorities may do much to prevent an epidemic, or at least to minimise its ravages, private individuals can do more by setting their own houses in order. Like the suppliants in the *Æsopian Fable* of the Waggoner and Hercules, or in the more modern story of the mountaineers of Vesuvius and their patron Saint, we are far too prone to confine our exertions in time of danger to calling upon other people to help and protect us than to put our own shoulders to the wheel.

**THE FRANKFORT BLUNDER.**—When the news first arrived that five British tourists had been arrested and put in prison at Frankfort, the general impression was that they must have been "doing something." Possibly not of a very reprehensible sort, but still amounting to an infraction of the local law. It now appears that the unfortunate party of wandering Britons did absolutely nothing at all to justify their incarceration. A couple of immensely stupid detectives chose to take it into their dull heads that Mr. Wimple was some one whom they wanted. They came to this conclusion solely because they traced a resemblance between him and a photograph of the real Simon Pure. Mr. Wimple himself could not see the alleged likeness, the portrait being that of a man fully sixty years of age, whereas he is only thirty-seven. But the more he objected to be haled off to prison

on such flimsy evidence, the more positive did the detectives become that they had caught the man they wanted. Feeling certain on that point, they made equally sure that Mr. Wimple's companions must be criminals, and so they also were put under lock and key. Having caged their birds, the sapient detectives hurried off to Homburg, where the party had left their baggage, and ransacked every portmanteau. Then, at last, they discovered that they had made a mistake—a discovery which they might have made at the very first had they only instituted inquiry, as they were entreated to do, at the British Consulate. If these exceedingly pig-headed policemen follow up a true scent with the same pertinacity as they displayed in sticking to this false one, they must be invaluable sleuth-hounds. It would appear, however, that their idea of hunting down the game resembles that of some ill-bred hound who, finding it impossible to catch a deer or a hare, pounces on the first rabbit or chicken he comes across. We should imagine that there will shortly be two vacancies in the detective branch of the Frankfort police.

**SUMMERING HUNTERS.**—Already we hear the preparatory notes of the next foxhunting season, and within a few days in more than one district cub-hunting will begin, in order to scatter the litters and teach the newly-entered hounds somewhat of their regular business. All horses too, which have been "summered" after the olden fashion by being turned out to grass for some months, must now be taken up and gradually got into condition, to give any hope of their being at all fit for their work by the winter. But happily better counsels now generally prevail as to equine management than those which were considered orthodox but a few years ago. The turning out of hunters in meadows to be tormented by flies, or shutting them up in out-houses or bays of barns to lead wretched monotonous lives, and, perhaps, contract diseases brought about by inactivity, are now practices at a discount, and experience has abundantly proved that a hunter is all the better for his winter work if "summered" on his ordinary food, though in smaller quantities, and kept in regular though not too exacting exercise. Another old-fashioned idea that a hunter must never have a collar on his neck is also exploded. It was held that the strain upon a horse's shoulders in draught led him to lean, and so to a certain extent depend, upon the collar for support, and that thus he had a tendency to become unsafe for riding purposes. This might be the case were a horse subjected for some months to really heavy draught work; but as a matter of fact it is found that light work in the collar does not in the least degree injuriously affect his action or safety under the saddle. And so it has come to pass that many gentlemen in the country have now no hesitation in driving a pair of valuable hunters in a mail phaeton during the period between the close of one hunting season and the beginning of another. Scores of hunters now do duty in London during the fashionable season, some in the coaches of the driving clubs, and some in carriages of a variety of kinds. Many of the animals too which do duty in the "butterfly" coaches of the season are excellent hunters, and the capital prices they fetch when this work is over shows that good judges do not consider that the collar work has done them any harm as cross-country performers. Recent sales have given evidence of this, and within the next month there will doubtless be further proof of it.

**PEASANT PROPRIETORS.**—The so-called silly season is usually productive of much good. The old Gigantic Gooseberry and Sea Serpent stories are fast receding into the realms of mythdom, and many a topic of great social importance and interest is now threshed out in the pages usually devoted to the redundant eloquence of Westminster orators. For instance, the *pros* and *cons* of the vexed question of peasant proprietorship are being set forth in a manner which cannot fail to command universal attention, and add much to the general knowledge on the subject. Many reformers have held out the prospect of peasants farming their own land as the height of agricultural prosperity. In answer to those who had tried the experiment, and had lost their money after a few years, these advocates of small holdings have triumphantly pointed to the peasantry on the Continent as living proofs of the correctness of their theory. Lady Verney's recent book on the French peasant and his small farm, however, proves that even a French peasant's lot is far from Elysium, and the truth of what she says is well borne out by the knowledge of those who have lived in the French provinces. At the same time there is much to be said on both sides, and one correspondent, while admitting that Lady Verney's statements are correct, points out that the small French farmer manages to raise and export large quantities of garden and dairy produce, and of fowls and eggs. This is certainly true. But then argue the other side, the climate is much finer, and the people are more skilful and thrifty. To the accusation against the climate there is unfortunately no answer, but as regards the skill and thrift, these attributes undoubtedly came by experience. A man who reaps the benefit of a little extra labour and knowledge, and who realises that bad times mean an absolute loss of income, would naturally have his wits sharpened and become more inclined to lay by, than the mere labourer who has his set task and his set income, whatever his masters may gain or lose. Hitherto those experiments in small holdings which have been made in England

have not been successful, but for the benefit of all concerned it would be well if some of our great landowners would enable them to be tried on a large and decided scale. It must not be forgotten, however, that one of the special characteristics of the present age is the absorption of small trades and industries by large capitalists, or organisations with considerable capital at their command. Why then should we hope for better things in agriculture?

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT entitled "A BUCK-HUNTING EXPEDITION IN SOUTH AFRICA."



**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—MR. WILSON BAKRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, will be ENACTED a new play in four acts and fourteen scenes, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled *HOODMAN BLIND*. New scenery by Messrs. W. Hann and T. E. Ryan. Incidental music and overture by Mr. Edward Jones. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, & George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices.—Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £9 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box Office open from 9.30 to 5.0. No fees of any kind. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at 11.0. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe. Morning Performance of *HOODMAN BLIND*, this day, Saturday, August 29, and Saturday September 5, at two o'clock. Doors open at 1.30.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE,** Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 8 Comedietta. Followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called *THE GREAT PINK PEARL*. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.45, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3.700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**  
THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.  
THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT  
of the world-famed  
**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS**  
ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER.  
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT and on  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS  
at THREE as well.  
Doors open at 4.30 and 7.  
Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7.  
No fees of any subscription.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,"** and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

**NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.**  
MAYTIME. BASIL BRADLEY.  
TWIN LOVE AND DUTY. S. E. WALLER.  
NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON."  
THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER.  
DAWN (Companion to do.).  
THE MISSING BOATS. R. H. CARTER.  
A PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH. DENDY SADLER.  
FIRST DAYS OF SPRING. ISENBART.  
PARTING KISS. ALMA TADEMA.  
&c., &c., &c.  
N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices.  
**THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.**  
GEO. REES, 115 Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.



#### DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES OF THE ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION

ON Saturday week the Princess Christian distributed at the Guildhall the certificates gained during the past year by members of the No. 2 District (City and Port of London) of the St. John's Ambulance Association. Mr. Alderman Cowan took the chair, and in his address referred to the fact that the Association counted amongst its members volunteers, soldiers, firemen, and policemen. Mr. Kennett-Barrington, also Chairman of the District, explained the main objects of the Association. These were four—the rendering of first aid to injured persons, the teaching of home nursing, the manufacture and distribution of improved ambulance materials, and the formation of ambulance corps. The Association had classes not only in this country, but also in India, South Africa, Australia, Singapore, China, Canada, and the United States. Through these nearly 100,000 persons had passed and gained certificates in six years, and there were now 250 centres. With regard to the particular district in question, Mr. J. H. Easterbrook, the District Secretary, stated that his centre had been formed about six years, during which 4,497 persons had received ambulance training in it, and 3,300 had qualified for certificates. The last session had been by far the most successful which the district had known, thirty-eight classes having been held, 800 persons instructed, and over 500 certificated. The financial position, however, was not satisfactory, the funds being almost entirely class fees, and the work being restricted in consequence. The Princess who—as Mr. Kennett-Barrington explained—is a certificated pupil of the Association, then distributed the certificates, firemen, policemen, and a detachment of the Royal Fusiliers being amongst the recipients. At the close a vote of thanks was proposed by Sir G. Perrott and seconded by General Sir G. Graham, who took the opportunity to pay a graceful compliment to the kindred association, the National Aid Society, for the assistance afforded by that Society, and especially by the Ladies' Branch, to our troops during the recent Sudan campaign. Our sketch represents the Princess presenting certificates to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, while the Royal Fusiliers are marching away, having received their certificates, and the City Police are awaiting their turn.

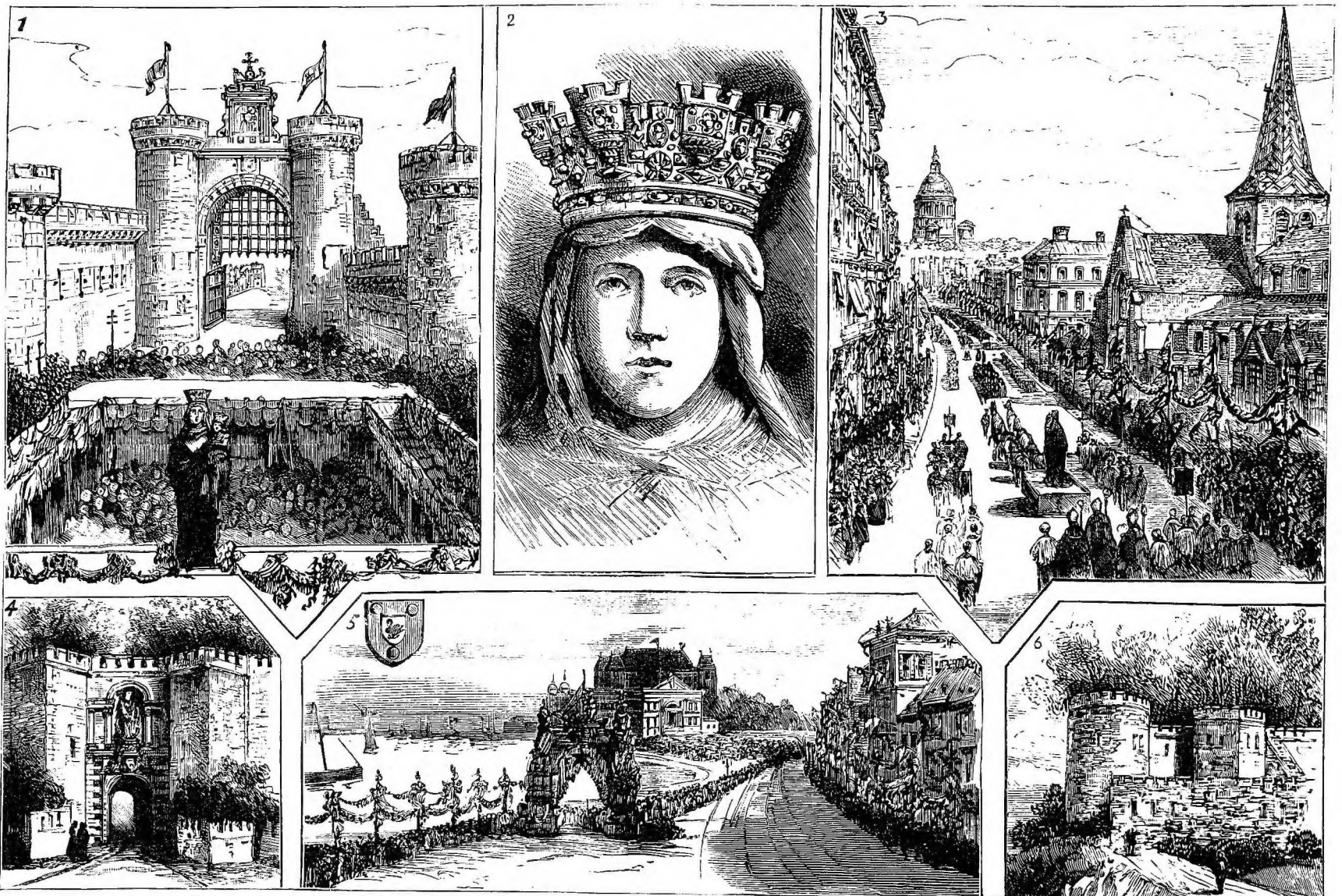
#### THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT

THE funeral ceremonies of the late General Grant were described and illustrated last week, but we now engrave a view of the Funeral Car passing up Fifth Avenue, which was densely thronged with spectators, who took advantage of every eligible position. The procession took five hours to pass. At its head rode General Hancock on a black charger, followed by a brilliantly uniformed staff, and then by the regulars, sailors drawing their guns, marines, and the naval brigade led by the celebrated marine band from Washington. After an interval, the New York State troops marched past, their bands playing the "Dead March" and favourite hymns. A feature of this portion of the procession, the *Times* correspondent tells us, was the New York 7th Regiment uniformed in white, followed by the green-plumed 69th Irish Regiment. Afterwards





SPORT AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST—OUT WITH DUBOURG'S BEAGLES



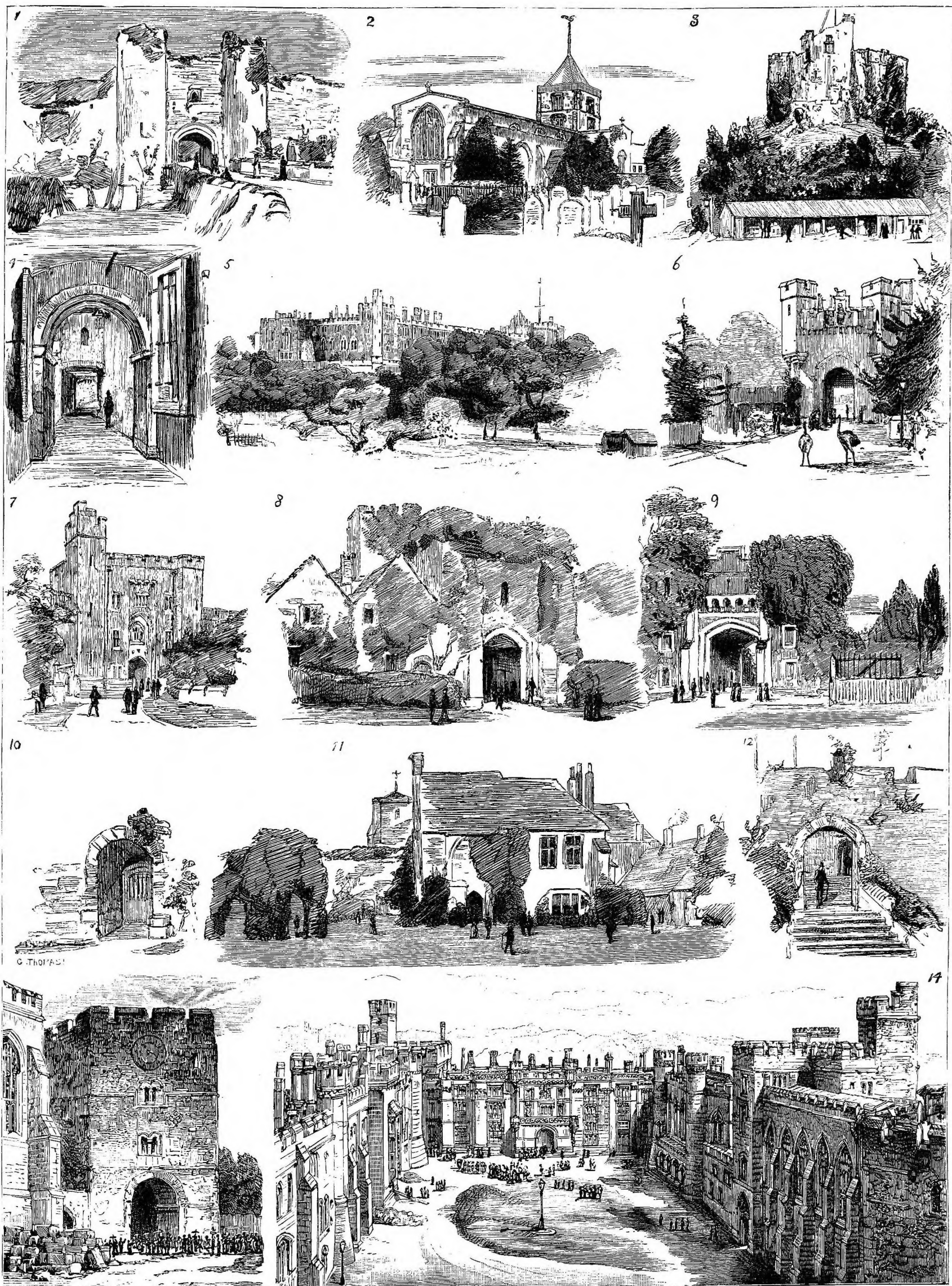
1. The Coronation, Place Godefroi de Bouillon  
2. The Crown.

3. The Procession Returning up the Grande Rue.  
4. Notre Dame on Calais Gate.

5. The Procession on the Quay.  
6. La Tour Notre Dame.

THE CORONATION FÊTE OF OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE-SUR-MER





1. Amberley Castle.
2. The Parish Church, Arundel.
3. The Keep of Arundel Castle from the Courtyard.
4. King Alfred's Entrance, Arundel Castle.
5. General View of Arundel Castle from the Meadows.

6. Entrance to the Grounds, Arundel Castle.
7. Entrance to the Quadrangle, Arundel Castle.
8. Entrance to the Quadrangle, Amberley Castle.
9. St. Mary's Gate, Arundel Castle.
10. Entrance to the Old Saxon Well, Arundel Castle.

11. In the Quadrangle, Amberley Castle.
12. Entrance to the Keep, Arundel Castle.
13. The Old Clock Tower, Arundel Castle.
14. The Courtyard, Arundel Castle.



came the Governor's Foot Guards from Connecticut, dressed as grenadiers, scarlet-clad Zouaves, and then for hour after hour troops filed by in uniform of every imaginable hue and cut. As the hearse drew near a solemn silence overspread the crowd, all heads were uncovered, and all eyes bent on the coffin, which lay in full view amidst the elaborate black drapery of the canopy towering far above. The funeral car was a most elaborate structure, and was drawn by twenty-four black horses, each led by a negro groom. On either side walked comrades of the Grant Post as a guard of honour, carrying tattered battle flags; while flanking the car on either side was a company of regulars. Preceding the hearse were carriages with the military mourners, including Generals Sheridan and Sherman; while in the rear followed President Cleveland, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, together with a host of public functionaries. Next came the division of veterans, headed by General Sickles, and then the Grand Army of the Republic, headed by General Burdette, its commander. The ceremony at the tomb, Riverside Park, was described last week.

#### SPORT AT SANDHURST—"OUT WITH DUBOURG'S BEAGLES"

"THE visitor," writes the gentleman who has supplied us with the sketches from which our engravings are taken, "who passing across the sloping parade ground, up the broad flight of stone steps and under the Doric front, enters the central hall at Sandhurst, finds amongst the signs and weapons of war a series of small white squares given up to the hunting fixtures. There he may read that Dubourg's beagles will meet at some hospitable homestead or pretty lodge in the neighbourhood. Several ladies come to the meets, and follow also, often for long runs. When the horn sounds, the hounds move off with the field to a wood near at hand. They are waived and shouted in. The white tails are soon at work, and the long ears almost trail along the ground. The field, well spread out behind, bend forward with arms in front of their heads to push the branches aside, and listen for the 'gone away.' Suddenly a long howl rises in the wood—the horn sounds again—there is a rush and crackle as hounds and huntsmen make a dash to concentrate, when—a whip cracks and a few short sharp-pained yelps tell that it is a false alarm, due to the overjoyous eagerness of some sympathetic hound. But at last, when dogs are thorn-scratched and bleeding, and legs are aching from furze punctures, a long wail ending in a sharp bark comes from the old wisacre of the beagles. The hounds recognise the honesty of that cry and immediately pack. Away they go, bursting out of the wood with cry, and yelp, and howl. Across the meadows they trail, spin down the hills, tail off along roads, and splash through the marshes.

"In all this flat lower ground of Hampshire are to be found streams a few feet too wide to jump, with soft yielding banks, and deep withal—a fact which means many a long run up stream to a bridge, whilst hare and hounds are running away at every stride. For puss will not wet her sides till hard pressed.

"It was one of these brooks that first made me sceptical concerning orthodox military maxims. We had a law, which laid down beyond the shadow of a doubt in a not-to-be-argued, indisputable, military way, that in natural streams flat banks had shallow marginal waters. It was my first run, and the treacherous Hampshire stream edges were unknown to me. The hare, very hard pressed, took to the water, crossed, shook herself, and pushed away across country beyond. The hounds, after a momentary check, went in, and a loud bay told that they had struck the trail. One man came up after another until several had collected, and a rapid discussion took place. A lagging dog which stopped to drink before crossing, instead of putting his fore-feet into the water, bent down to it from the bank. Those who saw the act concluded depth of water. One youth said he would try it. He jumped, and only fell a yard short, but he went in up to his neck. At last there comes the grateful shrill bay of the kill to the tired field, diminished to a small body, now trudging wearily along, now breaking into a heavy dog-trot as they splash through the mud, determined to see the end. Then one by one they jog in amongst the blood-stained, tail-wagging hounds. The pads are given away, and good-nights are exchanged as the master trails off with his tired pack."

#### CROWNING THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF BOULOGNE

On Sunday last there was a grand coronation festival in honour of Notre Dame de Boulogne. Ten Bishops (Arras, Le Mans, Beauvais, Amiens, Luçon, Soissons, Limoges, Lydda, Aire, and Clifton), three Archbishops (Chambéry, Reims, and Cambrai), four Roman Camerieri and Prelates, and H. E. Monsignor di Rende, Archbishop of Benevento, Apostolic Nuncio, attended by Canons, Deans, Curis, and Vicars of some two hundred parish churches, members of various religious Orders of both sexes, and by some 40,000 Pilgrims and Devotees, marched as a grand escort to the Statue of Our Lady of Boulogne through a large portion of the city of which the subtle King Louis XI. made her the Sovereign Lady and Mistress. The original statue, which for centuries drew worshippers from all lands to its shrine in the Upper Town, was thrown during the Revolution in 1793 into a flaming fire of logs and faggots. At the same period the Crown disappeared, the identical Crown offered to Godefroi de Bouillon, after the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, when he was proclaimed King. He refused the diadem, however, declaring that he would not be crowned with gold in the city wherein Christ was crowned with thorns, but dedicated it to the Mother of God in his baptismal church at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Thence it was ultimately removed to the Treasury House of the Cathedral until 1791. After the Revolution a new statue was set up in a *predella* over the altar in Our Lady's Chapel in the Cathedral, where is preserved a model of the legendary sail-less boat in which she is stated to have been wafted to Boulogne in the seventh century.

A new crown was made similar to that which was presented to Tasso's hero, thickly encrusted with all sorts and descriptions of precious stones and jewels, poured out with lavish hands by the Virgin's votaries. His Eminence Mgr. di Rende was delegated by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to bless the diadem, and set it on the head of Notre Dame de Boulogne.

While His Eminence officiated in the Cathedral, a cantata was performed by all the local musical societies, conducted by its composer, M. Alexandre Guilmant, whose organ-recitals are so deservedly popular.

The pageant on the Place Godefroi de Bouillon, where the ceremony of crowning the statue took place, was exceedingly striking and picturesque. The coronation was performed by the Nuncio on a handsome raised platform of mediæval design, the Papal brief having first been read. On its completion loud cheers were given for Our Lady, for the Pope and the Bishops, and a procession was formed which accompanied the Virgin's statue, now placed upon a car drawn by six richly-harnessed horses, back to the church. The whole route was tastefully decorated, and in the evening the city was illuminated.—The sketches, by M. V. J. Vaillant, illustrate the Coronation on Place Godefroi de Bouillon, in the Upper Town; the Crown set upon the Virgin's Head (one smaller, of similar pattern, was placed on the *Bambino's* head at the same time); the Procession passing up the Grand Rue; the Tour Notre-Dame, which was battered and breached by the English artillery on the siege by Henry VIII.; the Gate of the Cathedral, with an effigy of the Virgin in her boat; and finally, the Armorial Shield of Boulogne.

#### THE ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT BRIGHTON

THE Forty-second Annual Congress of the British Archæological Association has been held this year at Brighton. The members were received in the Pavilion by the Mayor and Council last Monday week; and in the absence of the Duke of Norfolk, who is President for the year, Sir James Picton read the inaugural address, dealing with the history of Sussex. The visit to Brighton lasted ten days, and many excursions were made to places of interest in the neighbourhood. On Thursday week a visit was paid to Shoreham and Bramber Castle. The village of Bramber was one of the corrupt boroughs disfranchised by the earlier Reform Act, and is the scene of an often-quoted anecdote of the late William Wilberforce, who, travelling through Sussex, asked the name of the place, and on being told exclaimed in surprise, "Why that is the place I am member for."

Perhaps the most interesting excursion was that of Friday week, when over a hundred members went, at the invitation of the Duke of Norfolk, to inspect the interior as well as the exterior of Arundel Castle, the Fitzalan Chapel, and the Roman Catholic Church, the day being ended by a visit to the recently-discovered Roman pavement at Bignor. The chief points of interest of this day are illustrated on page 229. The history of Arundel Castle extends beyond the reach of authentic records. There was probably a Saxon stronghold on the site in 800, and in 1066 it was given to Roger de Montgomery, who rebuilt the place. It was surrendered to Henry I. in 1102, visited by Kings John and Edward I., and from 1397 onwards the castle was constantly enlarged and beautified. In the wars of the Commonwealth it passed from the Royalists to the Parliamentarians, and in 1659 an order was issued that its walls should be demolished. In 1709 it was partly repaired and rendered habitable by Duke Thomas. The Queen and Prince Consort stayed at Arundel from Dec. 1 to Dec. 4, 1846, and in 1879 further extensive alterations and restorations were planned.

The whole of the Castle was thrown open to the visitors, who roamed at leisure through the magnificent rooms. On leaving the new portion of the castle, the old clock-tower and dungeons were examined, and an ascent was made to the Keep, whence there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. The old Saxon well was examined with much interest. This well was bombarded and rendered dry by Sir W. Waller in 1664; and its destruction compelled the surrender of the castle by the Royalists. The well is 200 feet deep, and in 1876 it was cleared out. Some of the stone cannon-balls fished from the well were inspected with interest. Quitting the Keep the party next went to the Fitzalan Chapel and Arundel Parish Church, driving afterwards through Arundel Park to see the Roman pavement at Bignor, where a long stay was made. The visit to Amberley Castle was thus curtailed, and there was time for but little more than a hasty inspection of the walls.

#### OUR FANCY BALL AT DHARMSALA

"THIS Fancy Ball," writes the artist, "was given by the Benedicts to the Bachelors, who had some time previously given the former an entertainment of the same kind. In a country where fancy materials are so hard to get, and patterns nearly unprocureable, it is a matter of great anxiety whether one will be able to construct one's costume or not. The local tailors were at work for weeks before the night in question, and great must have been their wonder at the taste of the usually sadly costumed Sahibs in choosing reds and greens and all the colours of the rainbow. It was marvellous how successful the dresses were. I have depicted a few of them.

"In the hills, where wheeled conveyances cannot be used, we have to put up with what methods of transport are available, such, for instance, as horses and 'jampans,' and it was a comical sight to see some of the horsemen and horsewomen in their fancy dresses.

"The ball was held in the theatre, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion."

#### SKETCHES AT SUAKIM

THE Mounted Infantry have done good service throughout all our recent little wars, especially in skirmishing and in scouting. One of our illustrations shows a scout perched on the summit of a steep hill, up which he has just scrambled. Another illustrates the ruling passion as strong in war as it proverbially is in death—the greed for gold. A straggling party of our troops, old Australian miners, are so eager to take advantage of a halt to prospect for the precious metal, which they thought might possibly exist in the quartz veins which crop up occasionally through the rocky hills and passes in the mountains, that they have to be called away from their fascinating speculations, when, after a short spell of rest, the remainder of the column resumes its march.

#### A PHOTOGRAPHER IN ABYSSINIA

THE engravings published on p. 236 are in continuation of those recently published in *The Graphic*, and they represent some of the most characteristic features of Abyssinian life. The engravings are produced from photographs by Mr. J. M. Narick, of Suakim. The Abyssinian lady and her daughter are dressed in the costume common to women in that country—a shirt with sleeves to the wrist, made quite loose, and descending to the ankles. This, with a strip of the same material round the waist, and a similar piece thrown loosely over the shoulders, is the sole dress of the poorer women. The upper classes wear also a pair of trousers, sometimes richly embroidered, as is seen in the case of the not very handsome Abyssinian princess. Over their shoulders the richer women sometimes wear a cloth of the finest fabric, snow-white. Sometimes, in the richest classes, an embroidered blue silk mantle is substituted for this; and, when in the streets, this mantle is wrapped round the face, so that nothing is visible save the eyes. The lower class women, however, adopt no such concealment. The cake-sellers of Massowah (the bare, uninteresting town lately occupied by the Italians) are examples of the poorest classes of women. The men in Abyssinia are divided into four classes—warriors, priests, merchants, and husbandmen. One of our engravings shows some Abyssinian spearmen: men of the class of those who would have been sent to the relief of Kassala had not the surrender of the garrison to the rebels rendered Major Chermiside's negotiations useless. All the greatest men of the country are of the warrior class, and the Abyssinian customs are almost like those of feudal times, the spearmen being the lowest in the social order—a man who seeks his fortune solely in his master's favour, that master being dependent on some yet higher chief. The dress of the spearmen consists of a close-fitting pair of trousers, ending at the knee, a belt wound round the waist, a cloth, or kind of sheet, worn as an upper garment, a circular shield of buffalo-hide which will turn a spear thrust, and sometimes a bullet, and one or two spears, seven feet in length. The Abyssinians were readily converted to Christianity about three centuries after Christ, and the head of all Abyssinian Christians is the Abbona, a Coptic priest, sent by the Alexandrian Patriarch. The priests are all equal in rank. The deacons are ordained as assistants to the priests, to which dignity they ultimately attain when qualified by learning or fees. All priests are allowed to marry once.

#### KULDINGHUUS

See page 235

#### A BUCK HUNTING EXPEDITION IN SOUTH AFRICA

See pages 241 et seqq.

#### "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 245.

#### THE RUINS OF HUMPI, MADRAS PRESIDENCY

OUR engravings are from photographs by Mr. George Avenel Breithaupt, Bank of Madras, Mercara, who writes:—"My photographs represent the ruins of Humpi, some of, or, I should say, the most ancient temples in India. Natives from all parts of India flock to these ruins once a year to perform religious ceremonies, and there are constant parties of officers and Government officials who travel to inspect these ruins. I have known Europeans come three to four hundred miles to see these far-famed Humpi temples. Humpi is about thirty-five miles from the large military station Bellari. Hitherto it has only been accessible by bullock coach from Bellari, but the new 'Bellari Hoobli' railway will facilitate this journey for the future.

"The second illustration shows the walls of one of the temples, which consist of bas-reliefs from the Rāmāyana of Hindoo mythology, and are receiving special attention from Government in the way of repairs, &c.

"Humpi covers a large area, some of the ruined temples being one and even two miles from each other, so that it takes a few days to go over and inspect the ruins carefully."

#### "DID THAT REACH HER?"

MR. JULIUS M. PRICE has chosen a good subject for his large picture, which has just been purchased by the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. All around our coasts are amateur rocket brigades, through whose exertions many lives have been saved. In our engraving the rocket, carrying a light line, has just been fired towards the ship breaking up upon the rocks. The men watch eagerly to see if the crew of the wrecked vessel have succeeded in catching the line, while the captain of the brigade waits ready to pay out the strong rope which is to be attached to some secure part of the wreck. The picture was painted in Cornwall, and the chief figures are portraits. The artist is a pupil of Gérôme.



MR. GLADSTONE and the *Sunbeam* continue their progress along the Norwegian coast, and their exploration of its fjords, he landing occasionally to inspect places and objects of interest. They have been heard of on their way to the Romsdal fjord.

IN A LETTER from which an extract was read at a recent Liberal meeting in Lancashire Mr. Gladstone said:—"The coming dissolution will, in any case, give a fair and a very full expression to the sense of the country. I cannot doubt that its sentence will be for Liberal measures and Liberal men."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN will not be content with the country's preference of Liberal measures and Liberal men, unless the men are far more earnestly bent than those in the present Parliament on "carrying the necessary measures." The defeat of the late Government, he adds, in a letter to the South Birmingham Council, showed clearly the want of a better quality, rather than of a larger quantity of Liberal members.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WEEK before leaving town again for another sojourn of a fortnight at the Château Cecil, Dieppe, Lord Salisbury, who is Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister, had a long interview at the Foreign Office with the Russian Ambassador. "The approaching solution of the Afghan frontier question" was announced in the course of a speech at Basingstoke, on Wednesday, by Mr. Slater-Booth, M.P., who was a member of the last Conservative Government.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has been appointed Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

IN AN ELABORATE SPEECH at a Liberal meeting in Bolton, one of the Parliamentary representatives of which borough is Mr. Cross, Under-Secretary of State for India in the late Government, Lord Ripon replied to the charges brought against him by Lord Randolph Churchill when introducing the Indian Budget. Referring to the Russian advance on Afghanistan he said, that when he was Viceroy it had constantly been before his mind, and formed an important consideration in the determination of his policy. But unless his speech has been carelessly reported Lord Ripon did not indicate in what precise way this preoccupation directly influenced his government of India.

SPEAKING AT SHANKLIN this week, Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney General, read a card, which he said had been circulated at Liberal meetings in Oxfordshire, and which ran thus: "Reform of the Land Laws. This will stop the landowners tying up the lands on their eldest sons, and will give labourers the chance of holding, or even owning, an acre or two."

MR. WILFRID BLUNT, so well known as a supporter of Arabi, and by his writings on Oriental politics and characteristics, is the accepted Conservative candidate for North Camberwell. Addressing the electors of the new borough this week, he developed a programme which contained a novel item. It is the establishment of Labour Associations, to be encouraged by the State through Industrial Banks advancing capital to working men with which to start enterprises, so as to break down the present monopoly of capital. Proposals of this kind Mr. Blunt said the Constitutional party had in view. Our present free-trade he also pronounced to be economically vicious.

ADDRESSING A GATHERING OF NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE MINERS, Mr. Burt, M.P., said that over-production would more accurately than depression describe the present condition of trade, and in illustration remarked that during the last ten years the production of coal had increased not less than thirty-one millions of tons. There was, he said, such an immense reserve power of production that as soon as there was a tendency to improve in wages and prices surplus produce came in, to keep prices and wages down at a low level.

PROFESSOR TEUFELSDRÖCK would have been delighted to see the rehabilitation of his favourite trade foreshadowed in the announcement that "The Conference of Amalgamated Tailors of Great Britain and Ireland," meeting at Glasgow, resolved to obtain by the voluntary subscriptions of its members funds to defray the expenses of a tailor-candidate for the House of Commons.

HAVING finished his successful progress in the West, Lord Carnarvon intends soon to make a tour in the North of Ireland.

MR. PARNELL has been delivering at banquets and conferences of the National League a series of speeches, very important as indicating his future policy. This is to be nothing more and nothing less than an immediate demand for a separate Irish Legislature, and that it is to be virtually independent, as well as separate, is clearly shown by his announcement that one of its first duties will be to establish in Ireland a protective system, chiefly aimed at British produce. "It is my firm belief," he said, "that it will be impossible for us to keep the great portion of the labouring classes at home



without protection to Irish industries;" and the context seems to imply that a demand may be made for protection even to agricultural industry. Mr. Parnell calculates on having from eighty to eighty-five followers in the new Parliament, and expects a "settlement of the National question," acceptable to himself, as confidently from the "Tories" as from the "Whigs." "We are therefore," he said at a meeting of the Irish parliamentary party on Tuesday, "in this position, that no matter which of the English sides wins, we are sure to win." It has been agreed that every Irish Nationalist candidate for the House of Commons shall pledge himself in writing to act, if elected, with that party, and if acting otherwise, to resign his seat.

Mr. RUSKIN continues to make favourable progress towards convalescence.

A SEDULOUSLY PREPARED and carefully organised demonstration on a scale of very considerable magnitude came off on Saturday in Hyde Park, and attracted thousands of onlookers, the object being to support the principle of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and to promote its extended application. Among the speakers were Sir William M'Arthur, M.P., Lord Lymington, M.P., Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., and Mr. Michael Davitt.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON at the Warwick Road Junction signal-box, outside the Earl's Court Station, on the District Railway, there was a collision between a Great Western train and one proceeding to Earl's Court from Putney Bridge. The engines of the colliding trains were completely smashed, and the engine-drivers of the two trains were dreadfully injured, one of them dying in a few hours and the latter a few days afterwards. The only carriage seriously damaged was the first in the Putney Bridge train, one of the passengers in which was found suffering from internal hemorrhage.

AT FIVE O'CLOCK ON SUNDAY MORNING the house, 126, St. John's Road, Hoxton, in which there were several lodgers, was discovered to be on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished one adult male lodger and the two young daughters of a pair of married lodgers were burnt to death. On Saturday, too, at three in the morning, the steamer *Albion*, from Glasgow to Gothenburg, ran into the yacht *Kalafish*, proceeding in the Sound of Mull from Tobermory to Skye, and cut her completely through the middle. The two sections of the yacht sank immediately, and with them the owner of the yacht, Mr. Crossman, solicitor, of London, his wife, and two of the crew, all of them asleep, and beyond hope of rescue. The captain and one of the two men comprising the watch alone were saved.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his sixty-sixth year, of Major-General Sir Henry Ord, formerly Governor of Western Australia; in his forty-ninth year, of Sir John Douglas, late Lieutenant-Governor of Ceylon, previously Colonial Secretary of the Straits Settlements; of Major-General R. L. Thompson, one of the heroes of the relief of Lucknow, which he entered with Sir Henry Havelock in July, 1857; in his fifty-third year, of Major-General Buller Brown, late of the Royal Artillery, who served in the Crimea and in Zululand, where he commanded the artillery at the capture of Ulundi; in his fifty-fifth year, of Dr. Colan, Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets; in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. Henry Fowkes, Mayor of Derby, where the similar death of a mayor during his tenure of office had not occurred for more than a century; of Mr. Joshua Nicholson, head of the firm of Brough, Nicholson, and Co., silk manufacturers, of Leek, London, and Manchester, who recently presented to the inhabitants of Leek a free library, museum, and picture gallery; of Mr. W. T. Murray, one of the Registrars of Bankruptcy; in his ninety-fifth year, of Mr. Robert Gamlin, of Gray's Inn, the oldest solicitor in London; and in his seventy-fifth year, very suddenly, of Sir John Heron-Maxwell, first baronet, formerly Commander in the Navy, who in 1857 and 1865 unsuccessfully contested Greenwich in the Conservative interest. He was a zealous and indefatigable promoter of the Scottish charities of the metropolis, especially of the London Scottish Corporation (of which he was treasurer), and of every movement to benefit Scotchmen in England. Thomas Carlyle, who was born on his estate, Spring Hill, Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, has borne testimony to his great kindness of disposition.



THE TURF.—York seems to be losing somewhat of its old prestige, and during the week the fields have ruled small, notwithstanding a fair show of "arrivals," and in but few instances was the racing particularly interesting. Lord Zetland, who had not till lately experienced the best of luck this season, followed up his Stockton successes to some extent by winning the Yorkshire Oaks with the improved and improving St. Helena, who beat Farewell easily enough, though the odds of 2 to 1 were laid on the latter. This was turning the tables with a vengeance, and it is now evident that St. Helena's defeat by Hurry, at Goodwood, was one of those unaccountable events which, in a certain sense, lend a charm to the Turf. St. Helena is now second favourite for the Leger, and there is no saying how much further improvement she may make before the great Doncaster race is run. Farewell, who was beaten again on the second day at York by Merry Duchess, has completely put herself out of court for the big event, and has joined the outside ranks in the market. Kendal, with the odds of 10 to 1 on him, had little difficulty in beating his three opponents in the Convivial Stakes for two-year-olds; and it is a great pity this son of Bend Or is not entered for any of next season's classic events, as he is evidently among the best of this year's youngsters. Yule Tide, another good two-year-old, easily beat his three opponents in the Badminton Plate; and Gay Hermit added to his list of victories by winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Mr. Bowes's Devil-to-Pay, of whom great things were expected a little while ago, and who was said to be in reserve for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, was absolutely the last of the four in the race won by Gay Hermit. Kudos failed to land the odds laid on him for the Biennial, run on the Wednesday; and none of the first four favourites could win the Ebor Handicap in the limited field of eight, the race falling to Lord Cadogan's Mate, with Archer up.—For the St. Leger as much as 6 to 4 is laid on Melton, who seems, "on paper," one of the greatest "certainties" that ever started for that race.

CRICKET.—Some of the recent inter-county cricket has brought about most unexpected results, and, as often happens at the close of the season, has turned a good deal of previous form completely topsy-turvy. Gloucestershire, for instance, which has made but a poor figure for months, concludes its play amid a coruscation of batting and victories. The Cheltenham week finished up with a brilliant and unexpected victory over run-getting Surrey by no less than nine wickets, W. G. Grace contributing 104 to the Gloucestershire first innings, and 19 (not out) to its second. Then at Clifton the Western county has beaten Middlesex by an innings and five runs, W. G. Grace again wielding the willow to the tune of 221 (not out). He has thus scored the largest innings he has played since 1877, and the second highest innings of the present year in first-class matches. He was in all Monday, and till the end of the Gloucestershire innings on Tuesday. Though he gave two

or three chances, his play was superb, and he showed all his old skill in "placing" the ball. The whole cricketing world will rejoice at this grand performance of an old favourite who is now among the veterans.—Derbyshire, though beaten on Wednesday last by Notts by an innings and 250 runs, has helped to upset public form by getting the Yorkshire team out for 96 and then scoring 223, and eventually having only 70 to get to win.—Sussex, following up its victory over Gloucestershire, has this week tackled Yorkshire, and after scoring 42 more runs in the first innings than the Northern county, will evidently make a draw of it.—Notts with nine wickets to fall and only 74 runs wanted to win has had to put up with a draw against Middlesex after a keen fight for three days.—Kent has beaten Hampshire by an innings and 95 runs; Surrey Somerset; Lancashire Essex; Hampshire Somerset; and Surrey Wiltshire.—Among the recent "century" makers may be mentioned Mr. Roller (105) in Surrey v. South Wales; Shrewsbury (118) and Flowers (173) in Notts v. Derbyshire; and Pigg—a cacophonous but well-known Herts name—(141) for his County v. the M.C.C.—The funeral of Mr. John Walker, the eldest brother of the famous cricketing family of Middlesex, took place a few days ago. His death is deeply lamented in the world of cricket as well as among his numerous friends.

SHOOTING.—Reports from the moors in almost every district continue to show an abundance of grouse this season, and prices in London and other large centres of population confirm it. It has been computed that London alone consumes 150,000 brace per annum. The total game rental of Scotland, including the fishings, may be put at 800,000l. per annum. This year, however, an unusually large number of shootings are unlet, partly owing to the "depression in trade," and partly because the owners ask such exorbitant rents for them.—Partridges after all are not likely to turn out so numerous as was expected on the approaching first. In some counties, Bucks, Herts, and Middlesex for example, the supply will be very limited. Though the hatching time was exceptionally favourable, the long drought has made food unusually scarce, and many of the birds which have survived starvation are far from strong.

SWIMMING.—The eighth annual race for the 500 Yards Amateur Championship was decided at the Lambeth Baths on Monday evening last, when T. Cairns of the Everton Swimming Association repeated his victory of last year, H. C. Schlotel of the Surbiton and Ilex Clubs, who finished second, not showing as good form as was anticipated.—The well-known "Professor" Bibero has undertaken for a wager of 50l. to swim a mile in the open sea at Scarborough, with his feet tied together and his hands tied behind his back.

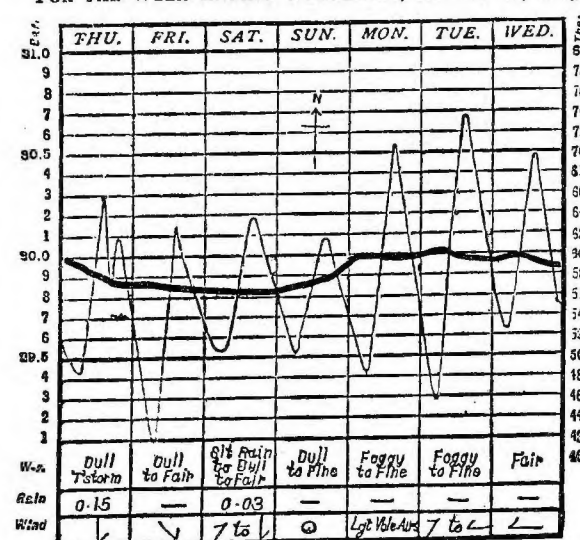
ANGLING.—Notwithstanding the unprecedentedly low water in the Upper Thames, almost all kinds of fish have been well on the feed for weeks, and capital bags, after their kind, have been made. At Kingston Mr. Alfred Nuthall (ex-Mayor of the town), and Mr. Knechli, both experienced "brothers of the angle," and strong supporters of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, one day last week had the biggest take of barbel on record, 102 being the number of fish, and about 300 cwt. the gross weight. Most of the fish were after the day's sport returned to the water "to live to fight another day." The mention of the T. A. P. S. reminds us that all anglers should obtain a copy of the new "Blue Book" of the Society from Mr. W. H. Brougham, of Swayfield Villas, Hounslow, the indefatigable Secretary, who compiled the work in an admirable manner. Thames anglers, too, may be reminded that they hardly show, by pecuniary support to the Society, their appreciation of the way the river is stocked and preserved for them.—The Fifth Anglers' Annual Tournament for Fly and Bait Casting was successfully brought off on Saturday last at Ponders' End on the Lea. Mr. R. B. Marston, who was the originator of these competitions on behalf of the Anglers' Benevolent Society, was a good second in several of the trials to that Master of Arts in the craft, Mr. G. M. Kelson.

ATHLETICS.—As the date—Monday next—draws near the interest increases in the first of the three races arranged between the ex-amateur, W. G. George, and W. C. Cummings, the Champion professional, which comes off at Lillie Bridge. The distance is one mile, and a genuine race may be relied upon between the two best men who have ever "trod the path." Cummings has done some good trials lately, but if anything George is most fancied for Monday's race.

FOOTBALL.—It is positively stated that an Australian team will arrive in this country in December next, to play Association rules.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

The weather during the past week has been fine, warm and dry in Ireland and at our South-Western stations, but rather dull and cool elsewhere, with rain along the East Coast and over the Midland Counties. A good deal of mist and some fog (locally) has prevailed, with heavy dews in many places. Thunderstorms accompanied by heavy showers occurred in many parts of England on Thursday. In the course of the past week pressure has been lowest in the neighbourhood of Denmark and Scandinavia, and highest over our Islands and France. The wind has therefore been chiefly Northerly and while seasonable weather prevailed in the West and South-West, cloudy skies and low temperatures were experienced in the East and South-East. Towards the close of the week a more Easterly current of wind set in generally, and although temperatures increased somewhat, cloudy skies and haze were reported in most places. Temperature has not differed much from the average over Ireland, Scotland, and the South-West of England, but elsewhere a deficit of about 3° is shown. The daily maximum temperatures have frequently been below 65°, and have rarely exceeded 70° at the English stations.

The barometer was highest (30.05 inches) on Tuesday (25th inst.); lowest (29.83 inches) on Saturday (22nd inst.); range 0.22 inches.

The temperature was highest (74°) on Tuesday (25th inst.); lowest (42°) on Friday (21st inst.); range 32°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.18 inch. Greatest fall on one day 0.15 inch on Thursday.



THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION will remain open till October 15th, a fortnight longer than originally intended.

THE COLONIES CLAIMED BY GERMANY in the Pacific alone within the last year cover an area exceeding that of England and Scotland, and contain rather less than half a million of inhabitants. Only three centres of German trade exist in these new annexations.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN YACHT RACE FOR THE AMERICAN CUP will be sailed on September 7th and 9th off Sandy Hook, New York Harbour. The British yacht *Genesta* will be opposed by the Boston sloop *Puritan*, the latter having proved the best boat in the recent trials of Transatlantic racing yachts.

THE WELSH MOUNTAINS have proved specially fatal to tourists this year. Thus a third life has just been lost near Festiniog, a young girl of fifteen, Miss Marzials, from London, having fallen over the precipice at "Hugh Lloyd's Pulpit." While looking over the cliff at the river flowing beneath, Miss Marzials slipped and alighted on her head among the rocks below, being killed instantly.

THE CROWS IN BAVARIA SCENT THE APPROACH OF CHOLERA, so declare the alarmed Bavarians. The crow colony among the spires of Ratisbon Cathedral, and their fellows dwelling in the Frauenkirche at Munich, have suddenly deserted their homes, and, as a similar exodus took place just before the arrival of the cholera in 1873, superstitious people look daily for the outbreak of the disease.

THE BUCKSTONE NEAR MONMOUTH, lately overturned, will never rock again. Although the stone is to be restored to its former place, the original pivot, already rotted by the weather, has been completely worn away and broken by the fall. Still the Buckstone will be fixed on a new piece of stone let into its rocky pedestal, so that outwardly it will present the same appearance as of old. We gave an illustration of the stone in No. 812, June 20th, 1885.

A TROPICAL CURIOSITY, of much interest to botanists, may now be seen at Ventnor, Isle of Wight. A large tree of the *Araucaria imbricata* species, commonly known as the "monkey puzzle," is in full blossom at Steephill Castle, and is believed to be the first specimen which has ever bloomed in England. This tree is 40 feet high, and contains nearly 40 cones of fruit, each cone being twice as large as a coconut. This species of *Araucaria* come from the Chilean Andes, and their fruit, which resembles a chestnut in flavour, is largely eaten by the Indians.

A FRESH AESTHETIC MOVEMENT has broken out in Dresden. German artists have lately been lamenting over the picturesque costumes of the Middle Ages being replaced by practical modern garb; so the Dresden painters have formed a Society to promote a return to medieval attire. Over eighty of the members have adopted the mediæval German artist costume—black over-dress, with tight velvet-trimmed sleeves over white under-sleeves lined with red satin, and black woollen close-fitting nether garments reaching down to low shoes. Surely such a get-up will delight the heart of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

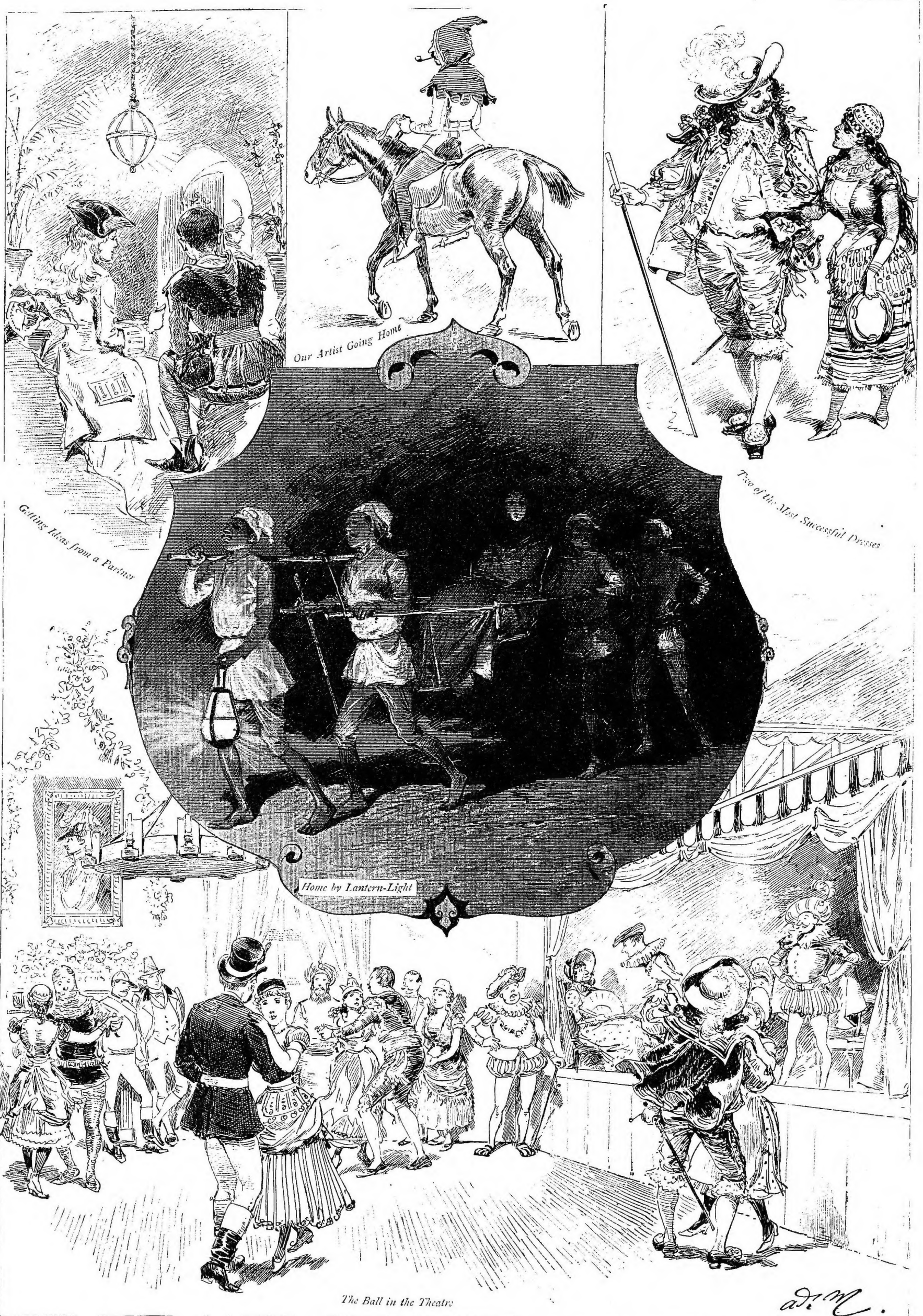
THE TELEGRAPH CONFERENCE at Berlin has, after all, decided on a reduced and uniform European tariff. Thus Dr. Stephan has been partially successful in his efforts for reform, although the Conference would not listen to his proposals in their original condition. The fixed primary charge—or "Grundtaxe"—added to the charge per word is altogether abolished, save in exceptional cases; and both the transit dues—paid to the country through which the telegrams pass—and the terminal tax—charged at the place of reception—are lowered and regulated. By these alterations European telegrams will cost some 40 per cent. less, while it is hoped that messages to India, China, and Australia will be proportionately reduced.

LONDON MORTALITY increased very slightly last week, and the deaths numbered 1,473, against 1,472 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 1, but 130 below the average, while the death-rate remained at the same average—18.8 per 1,000. There were 4 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 8), 163 from diarrhoea or dysentery (a decrease of 59), 7 from cholera or choleraic diarrhoea (a rise of 2), 38 from measles (an increase of 11), 43 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 1), 13 from diphtheria, 12 from scarlet fever (an increase of 3), 15 from enteric fever (a rise of 2), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, and not one from typhus. The fatal cases resulting from diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 163 from 162, but were 15 below the average. Fifty-three deaths were caused by violence, and 48 of these were due to negligence or accident, including four suicides. There were 2,535 births registered, a decrease of 350, and 220 below the usual return. The mean temperature was 58.2 deg., and 3.4 deg. below the average, while there were 19.7 hours of bright sunshine in London, against 27.4 hours at Glyde Place, Lewes.

THE HOT SUMMER AND DROUGHT IN SWITZERLAND have caused several serious mountain and prairie fires of late. Thus the well-known Salève, the mountain overlooking Geneva, recently caught fire owing to the dryness of the vegetation, and at one time the whole of the timber clothing the slopes was threatened, till happily the wind carried the flames to a rocky gorge, where they burnt themselves out. In Canton Fribourg, however, a big turf moor, near Witzwyl, has been burning for two months, and the peasants have been obliged to get in their crops hastily, and to remove all inflammable property from the neighbourhood. If rain does not soon extinguish the blaze, several villages will be endangered. Meanwhile St. Jean de Maurienne in Savoy has been well-nigh entirely burnt down, owing to lack of water to check the flames, and in the Austrian Tyrol the town of Landeck, among the Arlberg mountains has also been almost completely destroyed by fire. On the other hand, in Belgium and the Vosges, the weather has been altogether as wintry within the last week or two, and the meadows and slopes have been white with heavy frost, irreparably damaging potatoes and tobacco.

AQUATIC EXPLOITS are decidedly the fashion just now. Two young men last week crossed the Channel from Eastbourne to St. Valéry in twenty-two hours in a boat 18 ft. long, and after a short rest in France made the return trip in sixteen hours. Next a gentleman and his young daughter from Southampton crossed from Dover to Calais in a little steam launch, 23 feet long by 4 feet wide, and drawing 2 feet of water. They had come in their launch down Channel from the Thames, and intend to coast to Ostend, and thence ascend the Rhine. The adventurous Swede, also, who lately accomplished a solitary voyage from Stockholm to Millwall in an 18-foot boat has started homewards again after making various improvements in his small craft, and hopes to complete the passage in considerably less time than before. Across the Atlantic adventurous spirits are attempting swimming feats. A man recently successfully swam the East River from New York to Brooklyn, with his hands and feet tied. He was encased in a perfect network of rope, and was apparently helpless, but nevertheless he managed to accomplish the distance—a little over a mile—in nineteen minutes, so the *American Register* tells us.





OUR FANCY DRESS BALL AT DHARMSALA, PUNJAB, INDIA. I.









At last the AFGHAN difficulty appears in a fair way of settlement. Having received the desired information respecting the Zulfikar district, RUSSIA has decided that the contested territory is not so necessary to her safety after all, and accordingly withdraws her claims. So far, therefore, the main point of dispute is removed, and Russia displays distinctly conciliatory intentions, which, it is hoped, will lead to a favourable conclusion of the negotiations. Now the actual delimitation has to be marked out on the frontier itself before the arrangement is complete, and, notwithstanding all present signs of amiability, it is very generally felt that Russia will try to delay a definitive settlement until the result of the English elections shows her with whom she has to deal. As soon as the great summer heats are passed the joint Boundary Commission will again set to work. Not, indeed, too soon, for Russians and Afghans recently narrowly escaped a collision on the lines of the Penjdeh incident. The Russian outposts at Kara Tepe advanced on the Afghan positions, and were kept prisoners for a short time, but the Muscovite commander acknowledged his side in fault, and the affair was thus amicably arranged. Though the tension of the last few months is relaxed, Russia intends to be well prepared for all eventualities, and, besides sending strong reinforcements to Penjdeh, plans a perfect network of railways over the Trans-Caspian region, much to the annoyance of the Khan of Bokhara, who protests in vain. Further, an Imperial decree arranges for funds being obtained at once in the event of war. Nor are the Afghans idle, while the Ameer continues to express great friendliness towards England; and the British Envoy, Mirza Attaula Khan, has been most cordially received at Cabul. In accordance, however, with the general desire that too much dependence should not be placed on Afghan assistance, plans are being vigorously organised for defence on the British side of the Indian frontier, and Sir C. M'Gregor and two other officers have gone to the front to choose the site for an entrenched camp in the Pishin Valley. It is hoped also that General M'Gregor's appointment to the command of the Punjab contingent foreshadows the formation of a distinct Afghan frontier force. Army reform still occupies Indian attention, while in merely home matters the Bengal landowners are again protesting against the new Tenancy Act, and ask that the measure may not be enforced before the next agricultural year, so that the people may have time to understand the innovations.

The meeting of the Emperors of AUSTRIA and RUSSIA at Kremsier this week has been celebrated with the utmost splendour and rigid ceremony. Few previous Imperial interviews have been so elaborately arranged, and the Austrian Sovereigns left no stone unturned to house their guests magnificently alike in train and palace, while they themselves were content with a very modest corner of the building. The one blot in the gorgeous display was the too evident presence of military precautions. While the Austrian Emperor and Empress appeared freely unescorted among their people on their arrival, when they were enthusiastically greeted and entertained by a picturesque Hannak peasant wedding procession, the Russian Imperial party were closely guarded during their brief drive on Tuesday from the station to the park gates, and all the festivities were confined within the Palace grounds. Emperor Francis Joseph and Prince Rudolph met the Czar and his family at Hullein, and the Empress was waiting at Kremsier, the greetings being most affectionate. A long programme of receptions, banquets, and theatricals filled up the day, and a stag-hunt and further State banquets occupied the Imperial party on Wednesday until their departure in the evening. Although there was little enough to gratify the public curiosity, Kremsier was crowded to suffocation, and the inhabitants were somewhat annoyed by the strict guard kept. With all this elaborate display the Austrians in general are disposed to look on the interview as of mere surface value, chiefly from the absence of the German Sovereign. The Hungarian Press especially express marked coolness towards Russia, and indeed are not a little nervous lest her influence should get Austria into disgrace with Germany. Official journals, of course, warmly greet the Czar, and repeat the customary stereotyped remarks about such meetings being guarantees of international peace, &c.; but the public are not so enthusiastic. One very widely-circulated rumour asserts that the Kremsier meeting will result in Austria definitively annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The British mission to TURKEY continues to provide much food for speculation, but little actual information. Having been detained in quarantine, Sir H. D. Wolff did not reach Constantinople till Saturday, and has since spent his time in paying diplomatic visits. The Sultan would probably receive him on Thursday, having hastened some previous Ambassadorial receptions in order not to delay Sir Henry's audience. Outwardly Turkish official circles are most cordial towards England, and high functionaries who have hitherto remained aloof on such occasions crowded to Lady White's garden party, where Sir Henry was originally expected to be present. The British Envoy, it is asserted, will deal solely with the Egyptian question, fully recognising the Sultan's sovereignty, but, so far as can be judged at present, the Turks are very stiff-necked in the matter. Foreign influence militates against the British success in the negotiations. Nevertheless it is generally considered that the mission will bring about a better understanding between England and Turkey, and that the Porte will be willing to enter upon a joint occupation of Egypt and the Soudan.

Matters in EGYPT however are not quite so satisfactory as of late. The rebels are steadily advancing south, and 4,000 dervishes, strongly armed, have occupied Dongola, while disturbance reigns in Berber, where a grand massacre has taken place. These threatening signs, it is believed, are answerable for the delay in the departure of the British troops, some of the transports having been suddenly detained at Alexandria. While too, the authorities have been talking about relieving Kassala, that unlucky city has at last fallen, after eating all the dogs and donkeys, and finally being reduced to a grass diet. Happily the garrison came to an amicable arrangement with the besiegers, much to the wrath of Osman Digma, who has hurried off towards Kassala fearing to lose his share of the booty. In their chief's absence the rebels near Suakin have had an unlucky brush with the British, H.M.S. *Grappler* and an Egyptian gunboat having seized and destroyed some supplies landed for Osman's forces.

Meanwhile the affairs of Egypt and England form the prominent topic in FRANCE, where the Pain incident has developed into a serious controversy. While M. Rochefort and his friends maintain and increase their virulent accusations against England, even the respectable Press are inclined to adopt their views in more moderate form, and remark that, while neither side can bring forth definitive proofs the British defence is weakened by the manifest interest of England to assert her innocence. M. Selikovitch adheres to his story, and Sir John Walsam, the British Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, on the other hand communicates to M. de Freycinet a clear statement of the matter, with Major Kitchener's unqualified denial of the accusations. The French Government expresses its regret at the attacks on

England, but takes up the affair in a very lukewarm manner, while the majority of the Paris journals fan the flame, and a grand Revolutionary meeting to discuss the subject was held on Tuesday. M. Rochefort was to have presided, but neither he nor his friends appeared, and after some weak speeches the immense crowd dispersed quietly, sneering at M. Rochefort for being afraid to come after all his tall talk. The English squabble has effectually overshadowed even the burning subject of the expulsion of M. Rothan from Alsace. Patriots now, however, have expended their energies on lamenting Admiral Courbet, whose body arrived in France on board the *Bayard* on Tuesday night. Originally the funeral was to have taken place at Toulon with great pomp, but owing to the cholera the ceremonies were curtailed, and the body was landed on Wednesday at Salins, Iles d'Hyères, and brought to Paris for a grand service in the Invalides. Finally, the remains will be interred at the Admiral's native place, Abbeville. This funeral has aroused afresh the abuse against M. Ferry for the Tonkin disasters, but the ex-Premier is meanwhile quietly electioneering in the Vosges, where he has announced his programme in a meeting at Epinal. Colonial extension, is of course prominent, together with the establishment of an income tax, and the maintenance of the Concordat. Another Gallic scape goat, M. Émile Ollivier, is in the election-field with modified opinions in favour of Republicanism, as distinct from Radicalism; while M. Clemenceau is temporarily laid up by illness.

Far more grave, however, than these petty disputes is the steady increase of the cholera in Southern France. Now the disease has fairly seized Toulon, whence people are flying in all haste, and several of the small surrounding towns are also attacked. In Marseilles the cases have greatly increased, and are more rapid and fatal than those of last year. Yet, to their credit be it said, the Marseillais are far less panic-stricken than during the former outbreak, and there is no such wild exodus, though as many persons as can leave have gone. The Municipality talk instead of acting, and the situation grows daily more serious. Nor is there any improvement to report from SPAIN, where up to August 21st the epidemic had cost 61,521 lives out of 156,077 cases. The numbers fluctuate greatly, rising on Sunday to the highest yet recorded—5,791 cases and 1,897 deaths, and on Tuesday reaching 4,969 cases and 1,547 deaths. From all parts of the affected districts the accounts are most distressing, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the doctors and many of the local authorities. Granada has been in a truly awful state, some houses having lost every inmate, while bodies had to be buried coffinless for want of help. Many of the ignorant poor believed that the doctors poisoned both water and drugs, and refused all help, till the medical men had to appeal for police protection. Panic still reigns, and even reached the Canary Islands, where the inhabitants raised a riot to prevent Spanish vessels from entering the ports lest they should bring cholera.

Temporarily, nevertheless, the cholera in Spain has taken the second rank in view of the exasperation against GERMANY for her proposed annexation of the Caroline Islands. The whole Spanish kingdom is moved, and public feeling has been so heated that the German Minister at Madrid abstained from appearing in the streets. Official circles are reserved on the subject, but the press complain loudly, and the true state of popular opinion was shown by the enthusiastic monster patriotic demonstration in Madrid on Sunday—a very unusual event in Spain. Perfect order prevailed, but the city was greatly excited, and the agitation spread to the provinces, where similar meetings were held. Two vigorous Government protests have been despatched to Germany, and King Alfonso came to Madrid to hold a Council on the subject. Germany in the mean time takes the matter with characteristic calmness, and upholds her pretensions, reiterating her former arguments that Spanish claims had lapsed by non-assertion, and that German trade holds the most important place in the Caroline regions. Apparently impressed, however, by Spanish earnestness in the matter, the German Government have now sent a note to Madrid, explaining that the German protectorate was established in the belief that Spain had abandoned the islands, and offering to consider the claims in a friendly manner. The situation has thus improved, but the relations of the two countries, so friendly of late, have been greatly strained. Now the Germans again turn to Zanzibar, where the commander of the German Squadron, emboldened by success, claims a new commercial treaty, the possession of another river, and the restoration of the property belonging to the Sultan's sister, who has long been living at Berlin. Nor are the authorities less high-handed at home, judging by their wholesale expulsion of Polish inhabitants from Posen.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS considerable distaste is expressed in ITALY with the Government colonial policy. The Republicans are organising protesting meetings throughout the country, and were so outspoken at a gathering in Rome as to draw down police interference. A curious robbery has been committed at the Royal Armoury, Turin, where the custodian has committed suicide in consequence.—For twelve years ICELAND has petitioned DENMARK for independence, and not succeeding with the King, she has carried her cause before the Althing. While willing to maintain the Royal suzerainty the island pleads for a distinct Constitution, with a responsible Ministry, universal suffrage, and the restriction of the Royal veto.—The decline of Nihilism in RUSSIA is significantly acknowledged by the Nihilists themselves. In one of their own publications they openly avow that their efforts have temporarily failed, to the triumph of Absolutism, and that their party must substitute moral weapons for revolutionary violence.—TURKEY is dealing hardly with her subjects in the Sporades. The inhabitants of the Ottoman archipelago are mostly Greek, and jealously guard the privileges obtained from former Sultans, so that they objected to be included in the recent census. To enforce her rights Turkey blockaded the chief island, Symi, and not only effectually prevented the sponge-fishery—the principal means of subsistence for the islanders—but cut off the fresh water supply. Finally, the Sporadians have been starved into submission.—CANADA is much alarmed by a severe outbreak of small pox at Montreal. Perfect panic has seized the city, business is checked, theatres are closed, and people rush in crowds to be vaccinated. One of the chief victims is Sir Francis Hincks, the well-known statesman, who caught the disease in a tram-car, and died in twelve hours. It is expected that the Government will allow a medical commission to report on Riel's mental condition.—The late Indian risings in the UNITED STATES rested mainly on real grievances, according to General Sheridan's inquiries. The Indians were gradually deprived of their lands and herds by the encroaching cattle-owners, and, at last expelled from their homes, they turned upon their oppressors. Now the intruders are to leave Indian territory by next month, and Government troops are in readiness to enforce the decree. A terrible cyclone raged along the Florida and Carolina coasts on Tuesday afternoon, doing immense injury to the towns and shipping. Charleston suffered most, for one-fourth of the houses were unroofed. The temperature suddenly fell 40 deg., and the wind blew at the rate of seventy miles an hour. It is believed that the man Maxwell, accused of murdering Mr. Preller at St. Louis, is an Englishman, named Brooks, son of a Lancashire schoolmaster.—In SOUTH AFRICA Judge Sheppard has been appointed as Sir C. Warren's successor in Bechuanaland. His appointment is well received, as he is one of the cleverest Cape Justices, and was Cape Commissioner in the Angra Pequena case.



THE QUEEN has gone to Scotland for the autumn. Before leaving the Isle of Wight Her Majesty received visits from Princess Hermann of Saxe-Weimar and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and on Saturday evening gave a small family dinner-party, while the Dean of Windsor, Mrs. Davidson, and several officers belonging to the Royal yachts joined the Royal circle after dinner. Next morning the Queen and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and in the evening the Dean and Mrs. Davidson and Commander May, of the *Victoria and Albert*, dined with Her Majesty. After dinner the Queen received Captain Sim and Lieutenant Walter, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Her Majesty left Osborne on Monday evening, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and crossed to Gosport, where Prince George met the Royal party. Thence the Queen and her companions started by special train for Scotland, stopping at Banbury for tea, and breakfasting at Perth on Tuesday morning. The Royal party reached Ballater in the afternoon, and drove to Balmoral, where an enthusiastic welcome awaited Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg on their home-coming to the Highlands. Triumphant arches were erected in the Balmoral grounds, and the whole neighbourhood turned out to greet the Royal party, who were played up to the Castle by the Queen's pipers. A torchlight procession of 200 Highlanders followed in the evening, and after passing in front of Balmoral ascended Craig Gowan, where they danced round a bonfire, and drank the health of Prince and Princess Henry with three cheers. Next day Prince and Princess Henry were presented with the pony phaeton subscribed for by the Balmoral and Abergeldie tenants, and drove out in their carriage, while on Thursday they were expected to witness the Braemar gathering. The Queen will remain at Balmoral as usual till the middle of November.

The Prince of Wales was delayed in starting for Norway by the stormy weather in the North Sea, and did not leave Aberdeen in the *Osborne* till Saturday morning. The Royal yacht reached the Skudenäs Fjord next day, and went up the Hardanger Fjord to Odde, where the Prince on Monday made an excursion to Sandven Lake to see the net fishing. Later the *Osborne* left for Bergen, where she arrived on Tuesday, and in the afternoon the Prince visited the mountain of Voss Skavlen, leaving again on Wednesday for Thronthjem. The Prince will remain in Norway a week longer before joining the Princess and family at Copenhagen for Prince Waldemar's betrothal on the 7th proximo. Meanwhile the Princess and daughters continue at Gmunden, where they arrived at the end of last week. Prince Albert Victor is with his regiment, the 10th Hussars, at Aldershot; while Prince George remains on board the *Excellent* at Portsmouth, and on Monday witnessed a sham fight by the naval brigade of his vessel at Whale Island.

The Duke of Connaught and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse inspected the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, on Saturday, and lunched with the officers.—Prince Christian, with his daughters and younger son, has gone to Berlin on his way to the family estates in Silesia, and the Princess was to leave on Thursday for Homburg, whence she will visit the Hessian Grand Ducal family at Darmstadt. The Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Louis of Battenberg, and the Princesses Irene and Alice have returned to Germany, after staying a short time in London on their road from Osborne.



LORD HARTINGTON opened a bazaar at Ilkley on Wednesday, the object of which is to clear off a debt remaining after the erection and endowment of a church in that Yorkshire watering-place. In making his financial statement the treasurer of the church, being apparently of an inquisitive turn of mind, asked Lord Hartington to say what, in his opinion, would become of the 14,000l. raised for the Ilkley Church, if the Church of England itself were disestablished and disendowed. Lord Hartington took good care to give no response to this embarrassing appeal. But in pronouncing a warm eulogium on the Church of England as it is, he spoke of times in her history when, depending too much on her ancient endowments, she had displayed some apathy, and ascribed her present activity partly at least to the stimulus given her by "the healthy competition of the Nonconformist Churches," though still more, he added, to the energetic spirit which had been infused into her by her own leaders and pastors.

IN A COMMUNICATION approving of the objects and encouraging the efforts of the Funeral Reform Association, the Archbishop of York makes two practical suggestions of a noticeable kind. One is, that many who wish to do honour to the dead might, by being sparing of expenditure on funerals, be able to bestow a gift on some institution existing for the benefit of the living; the other, that while the cost of the funerals of all is to be brought down to a moderate level, Boards of Guardians might well be urged to improve, as far as possible, the mode in which paupers are now buried.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has issued a pastoral to the clergy of his Diocese, pointing out their duties and responsibilities in regard to the protection of young girls, and social purity generally. One of his monitions is, that they should do their part in what, taken as a whole, belongs—he thinks—more properly to the laity—the formation of Vigilance Committees, and similar machinery for watching over and aiding in the administration of the law. Much more, Bishop Temple is of opinion, can probably be done by steadily enforcing the law than has yet been done.

SOON AFTER HIS TRANSLATION to the See of London, Bishop Temple expressed a desire to have a residence under the shadow of St. Paul's, so that he might be near the East End, feeling, as he did, the deepest interest in the Church-work carried on there. Partly, it is understood, in order to meet this wish, the Chapter House of St. Paul's is now being repaired, and enlarged by the erection of an additional storey.

A LADIES' COMMITTEE has been formed in Yorkshire to promote the fund for the erection and endowment of the new See of Wakefield. Nearly 40,000l. have been subscribed, but 31,000l. are still needed.

THE APPOINTMENT, nominally by the Crown, of the Rev. R. Linklater to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Stroud Green, has met with considerable opposition on account of his alleged Romanising tendencies. He was inducted on Sunday before a crowded congregation, which was addressed after the ceremony by Archdeacon Hessey. He spoke highly of Mr. Linklater's private ministrations among the poor, and ascribing the excitement



produced by his appointment to his connection with the late Charles Lowder, mentioned as a reassuring fact that one of Mr. Lowder's last acts was to receive into the Church of England a priest of the Church of Rome.

ON MONDAY AT UPCHURCH there was another sale of goods in Kent under a distress warrant for the non-payment of extraordinary tithe. The warrant was issued at the instance of the Vicar of Upchurch, and the defaulter was the owner of some hop gardens. The hop poles were bought by a third person for the owner at the price of 37s., the amount of the tithe to be recovered being 33s. odd. The auctioneer had anything but a friendly reception from the three or four hundred persons present, among them being the Liberal candidate for North-East Kent and the Secretary of the Anti-Tithe Association. The sale was followed by an indignation meeting, which passed a resolution against extraordinary tithe.

THE OCCURRENCE, on Saturday last, of the 400th anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth has been made the occasion for an appeal to the public to commemorate so important an event in English history, by restoring the fourteenth-century Church of Stoke Golding, which overlooks the battle-field, and near which, according to local tradition, Lord Stanley, afterwards created Earl of Derby, and ancestor of the present Earl, crowned Henry VII. with a coronet found by him in a hawthorn bush.

ONE OF THE HONORARY CANONS OF CANTERBURY is said to have received from "a gentleman of the Papal Court" a letter containing an announcement most interesting if true. It is that the writer has discovered in a church at Siena a portion, only 1-3rd of an inch square, of the "long-sought for Canterbury stone" on which Thomas à Becket was assassinated. From a hole in it was drawn, he stated, a bit of narrow parchment, on which is written in the calligraphy, as is alleged, of the twelfth century, the following sentence:—*Di lapide super quem sanguis beati Thomæ Cantuariensis effusus est; i.e. "From the stone on which was poured forth the blood of the blessed Thomas of Canterbury."* Unfortunately for the hopes thus excited a correspondent of one of the papers, dating from Magdalen College, gives the Latin inscription, at first undeciphered, on the stone itself as a proof that the supposed relic is neither more nor less than an antique medicine stamp.

ON SUNDAY, Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., lectured in the Presbyterian Church at Penmaenmawr, on a curiously composite theme, "The Church and Depression in Trade."



BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL. (From Our Special Correspondent).—

After upwards of a week of orchestral and other rehearsals, under Herr Richter and the composers of novelties, this most important of provincial musical gatherings commenced on Tuesday. We have already briefly referred to the principal works produced at the present Festival, and it now only remains to speak of results. It is a notable fact that the majority of the novelties are by English composers. Not a single composition in the Festival programme is by a living German. The Bohemian, Herr Antonin Dvorák, who is staying here in Birmingham, has contributed a cantata, and M. Gounod, who finally resolved not to come to England, has sent an oratorio. All the other new works, including an oratorio, two secular cantatas, a hymn, a scena, a violin concerto, and an orchestral symphony are by Englishmen. The chorus, which has been completely reorganised, is more than ever equal to the Birmingham average, but the orchestra decidedly is not. Herr Richter's wholesale dismissal of Sir Michael Costa's men is thus deprived of its only excuse. The strings have often during the week been almost inaudible. It is true the numbers have been reduced, though they should have sufficed if the players had been competent and their instruments good. But the average cheap German violin is only next in order of feebleness to the average German violinist, and the engagement of some Teutonic gentlemen with extraordinary names, in place of English players, must be unhesitatingly pronounced a failure.

Excepting as to the orchestral deficiencies, the performance of *Elijah* on Tuesday morning was on the whole excellent. The cast was a strong one, including Mr. Santley (in very indifferent voice) as the Prophet, and Mr. Lloyd, who sang the tenor music as he almost alone can now sing it. Miss Anna Williams and Madame Trebelli sang the soprano and contralto music in the first part, and were replaced in the second part by Mesdames Albani and Patey. Birmingham was the birthplace of Mendelssohn's most popular oratorio, thirty-nine years ago, and Birmingham choristers have always felt a justifiable pride in its adequate performance. Herr Richter, whose highest sympathies notoriously do not lie with Mendelssohn's music, conducted, and the attendance will probably prove to be the largest of the Festival.

On Tuesday evening Mr. F. H. Cowen's new cantata *Sleeping Beauty* was produced. This is one of the brightest, most graceful, and melodious of the works of the musician who seems to more than ever merit the title long since conferred upon him of the "English Mendelssohn." It is a pity he had not a better libretto. Mr. Hueffer is a German, and his linguistic errors are therefore more excusable than his extraordinary *melange* of mixed metaphor, hyperbole, and drivel. The inflated language placed in the mouth of the King has rarely had its counterpart, save in libretti of the Poet Bunn and Christmas pantomime. But the music is emphatically Mr. Cowen's *chef d'œuvre*. From end to end it is an almost continuous stream of fresh and lovely melody. Particularly may be mentioned the choruses of fays, the orchestral intermezzo, the ear-haunting dance which is so frequently heard, the songs of the Princess and of the wicked fay, the tenor songs of the Prince, and the love duet. In this sort of music Madame Trebelli is heard to far better advantage than in English oratorio. Mrs. Hutchinson was excellent in the soprano part, Mr. King in the bass music was heard to equal advantage, and Mr. Lloyd for his lovely tenor song won such an ovation as even a popular tenor can hope to gain only at a provincial festival. The cantata was so successful that we understand Messrs. Novello propose immediately to engrave the full score.

The absence of M. Gounod doubtless robbed of part of its interest the production on Wednesday of his oratorio *Mors et Vita*. This admitted sequel to *The Redemption* has some serious faults as well as many undoubted merits. Great risk is run in devoting the first hour and three-quarters of the work to a new setting of the Roman Catholic Requiem for the dead, thereby to a great extent wearying the auditors with music almost necessarily sombre and severe, and challenging direct comparisons with the *Requiem*s of many masters, from Mozart to Cherubini and Berlioz. The fact that the whole of the oratorio is sung to a Latin text is also greatly to its detriment, and as a large majority of a miscellaneous audience, and particularly the ladies, who are the staunchest patrons of oratorio, must have been in total ignorance of the words from time to time under illustration, much of the effect of M. Gounod's music is lost. The employment of the Latin tongue is the less unnecessary, as the oratorio, despite the fact that it is dedicated to the Pope is—save of course in the "Requiem"—by no means aggressively Papistical. A more serious defect is the sameness of

the music, doubtless due to the unavoidable mannerisms of M. Gounod's style, and to the depressing character of the most melancholy Office in the Roman Catholic Ritual. Yet even in the "Requiem" portion there is a good deal more of interesting work, both for the soloists and the chorus than in *The Redemption*. One of the first numbers to attract the attention is a fine double chorus *à capella*, commencing "From the morning watch till the evening, trust thou, Israel, upon the Lord." The "Dies Iree" is in M. Gounod's severest style, great use being made of the leading motive described by the composer as that of "Terror and Anguish," which indeed, with the motives respectively of "Sorrow and Tears," and of "Happiness" (an ingenious variation of that of "Sorrow"), forms the most prominent representative theme in the work. The succeeding verses—the plea for mercy, sung by Mr. Lloyd, Mesdames Albani and Patey, and the "Rex Tremendæ," and "Recordare," by the quartet of soloists and chorus—are as melodious in their way as the succeeding "Felix Culpa" sung in her most prayerful voice by Madame Albani. Mr. Lloyd's tenor solo, "Inter Oves" the "Offertory" set for double chorus, the prayer for light eternal sung by Madame Albani, the "Sanctus" sung by Mr. Lloyd and its beautiful choral pendant "Hosanna," and the "Agnus Dei" were among the best appreciated numbers of the *Requiem*. M. Gounod next passes to the Judgment, an orchestral piece depicting the sleep of the dead, and a *fanfare* of the French composer's beloved brass instruments (with extra trumpets blaring forth hardly in tune for the extreme height of the choir), illustrating the Archangel's call and the Resurrection. Then by a stroke of genius we have the great Judge, depicted first in His majesty and awe, and afterwards in a sustained broad melody for the strings in unison (a variation of the motive of "Happiness"), in the more merciful aspect of the Divine essence. After the baritone has proclaimed the joy of the elect, Madame Albani, accompanied by a female choir of angels, sings a most beautiful song of the glory eternal, followed by a chorale unaccompanied. The last section of the oratorio deals with the heavenly Jerusalem described by St. John. In it Mr. Santley has a baritone solo, which, with its orchestral prelude, is one of the gems of the work. There is also an excellent quartet, and the oratorio ends with the fugal "Hosanna" of the Elect. Except as to the deficiency of strings already alluded to, the performance, conducted by Herr Hans Richter, was on the whole admirable. A better quartet of soloists could not have been selected, and finer chorus singing has rarely been heard at Birmingham.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Anderton's cantata *Yule Tide* was produced. The claims of a local musician are doubtless strong, and the committee can hardly be blamed for introducing this work. Mr. Anderton would, however, have been wiser to have postponed his ambitious task until he was better acquainted with the details of orchestral writing. The most effective portions were the sailor's song sung by Mr. Maas, and the "Legend of Gudrun" by Madame Trebelli. The other soloists were Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. F. King. Mr. Stockley conducted.

Mr. Ebenezer Prout then directed his new symphony in F, an honest and straightforward piece of workmanship, well worthy the celebrity of an English musician. Mr. Prout is content to work on accepted lines, and while his first movement is a model of classic symmetry, his third movement, a delightful imitation of a Spanish dance, will undoubtedly become immediately popular, and his finale is as vivacious and brilliant as custom and tradition demand. Mr. Prout won a hearty recall.

Last of the evening's novelties was Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new violin concerto, conducted by the composer and played by Señor Sarasate. The first movement is, we believe, intended to show contrast between the lyric and dramatic elements, but it is more symphonic in style than usual, and its frequent changes of rhythm and tempo add to its complexity. It flows without break into the slow movement, which Señor Sarasate played admirably. Popular favour is, however, likely to be bestowed chiefly upon the *finale*, the least pretentious movement of an indisputably fine work.

Of the version of *Messiah* revised by Herr Robert Franz, Dvorák's new cantata, *The Spectre's Bride* (which will probably be considered the greatest novelty in the Festival), and Dr. Stanford's oratorio, *The Three Holy Children*, we must defer notice till next week!

NOTES AND NEWS.—The rehearsals for the Hereford Festival will take place in London next Thursday. The novelties will be Dr. J. Smith's cantata *St. Kevin*, founded on the legend in Moore's *Irish Melodies*, and Mr. C. H. Lloyd's *Song of Balder*, set to Mr. Weatherley's poem.—Mr. A. C. Mackenzie has finished half his new English opera *Guillaume de Cabestan* for the Carl Rosa troupe. At the end of the year he will commence a new oratorio, libretto by Mr. J. Bennett, for the Leeds Festival of 1886.—M. Rubenstein in a letter states his new religious opera *Moses* will be in eight parts, and will not be ready till September, 1886.—Males have now, it is stated, been entirely banished from the Viennese orchestra, so ably conducted at the Albert Palace by Fraulein Maria Schippek. This band of ladies now give concerts twice daily.—The next comic opera by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan will, it is reported, be a parody of Hindoo manners and customs. It is however not yet even sketched, and it will not be wanted till next year.—*Falka*, with some members of the original cast, will shortly be revived at the Avenue, pending the production of a new comic opera, *Indiana*, by M. Audran.



THE version of Herr Von Moser's comedy, entitled *Ultimo*, recently brought out at a *matinée* at the STRAND under the title of *On Change*, has now been promoted to the evening bill of a West End theatre—a circumstance which implies at least a conviction that the original experiment was successful. The piece forms the substantial feature of the bill of TOOLE'S Theatre, which in the absence of its popular proprietor and manager and his company has passed into the hands of Mr. William Duck and Miss Everetta Lawrence. Of the merits and defects of the adaptation we have already spoken. On the whole, it is an amusing piece. Mr. Felix Morris's Scottish savant who suffers so grievously from his belief that it is a very easy thing to make a fortune by speculations "in the City" is a highly diverting personage, and the complications which follow from his over-weening self-confidence and tendency to under-estimate the talent required for other men's pursuits provide abundant entertainment. Mr. William Farren's grave City gentleman, Mr. Gerald Moore's fop, and the part of the heroine—if heroine the comedy can be said to have—represented by Miss Lawrence, are also good farcical characters cleverly sustained. The company recruited by the new management also comprises Mr. Ben Greet, Miss Filippi, Mr. Selten, Mr. Yorke Stephens, and other popular performers.

A correspondent of a daily paper has discovered that the hero of *Hoodman Blind*, in deserting his wife and child in a fit of jealousy, is guilty of an offence which has "sent many a less strapping fellow to imprisonment with hard labour." No doubt the conduct of folk in melodramas must not be too rigorously tested by rules of reason

and common-sense, but this is really a serious charge; and we fear there is no denying that it is a true one. Nor would the excuse that he was maddened at the sight of his supposed wife embracing a strange gipsy avail much, we fancy, with a common-sense magistrate. Jack Veuleit, the Buckinghamshire farmer, not only deserts his wife and innocent child, but persists in desertion long after his first fit of blind fury must be supposed to have given way to calmer reflection. And all the while he knows that they will be turned out of house and home by an inexorable creditor. In a hero who is so prone to deliver tirades in a lofty and heroic vein, this is not well.

THE HOLBORN Theatre—once known as the Holborn Amphitheatre—is to be reopened under the direction of Mr. Matt Robson. The house, which is a very large one, is apparently to be conducted on suburban principles; that is to say, the prices will be low, and melodramas the staple of the entertainments.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

LOVERS of Ireland, and of Irish melodies, will find much to gratify their taste in "Joy Hours, Poems, Songs, and Lyrics," by John Murdock (Dublin: printed by Dolland). The volume, which is tastefully issued, is the work of an *employé* in the Postal Telegraph Department at Portarlinton, and it appears that copies, price half-a-crown, can only be obtained by direct application to himself. Mr. Murdock is seen at his best in his more humorous vein, and some of his songs are very good, such, for instance, as "Mary Daly," "Miss O'Hea," or "Judy Magan;" there is a touch also of comedy in "The Midnight Parliament." But his more serious efforts are not to be despised—we have been much pleased with a quaint little piece entitled "Sighs," and wish the author all success.

Another piece appealing, though in a different way, to Hibernian sympathies is "The Battle of Fontenoy," a historical poem, by W. J. Corbet, M.P. (Dublin: M. H. Gill). The pamphlet contains some tolerable verse on a great subject, and is prefaced by a dissertation on Irish wrongs in the past, which adds nothing to our previous knowledge of the subject. The poem was originally read, at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, by the late Mr. Bellew.

A feeling of utter bewilderment, akin to that experienced on a memorable occasion by Mr. Gilead P. Beck, overwhelmed us while reading and trying to understand "Whisperings: Poems" (Sampson Low). After a while it dawned upon us that the anonymous author was a spiritualist, who conceived it to be his mission to abolish Christianity—but it strikes us that the faith may manage to survive his attack. It seems that he went to Olney, where he met Cowper's ghost, which was good enough to repeat an original piece—it is sad to see how the poet has deteriorated in the other world! There is a long and most unnecessary apology for Byron, respecting which we can only say, Save us from our friends! The writer says, *à propos* of the argument to one of his lucubrations, "To the vast majority of mankind this explanation afforded will be incomprehensible." The sentence might have served as a text to the entire work.

Poetical allegories are, perhaps, not exactly suited to the taste of the present day, which remark is very far from being intended as blame. Almost anything comes as a relief from the dreary subjectivity which is the pest of the age, so far as verse writers are concerned. Wherefore we were fully prepared with a warm welcome for "The Queen of the Hid Isles: an Allegory of Life and Art, &c.," by Evelyn Douglas (Tribner), but on the whole must own ourselves disappointed. The theories upheld by the principal poem may be left to justify themselves—perhaps they are not so far wrong; but it is surely a sign of weakness in the allegory, when the author is compelled to supplement his matter by marginal notes explaining his meaning: it must be confessed that without such assistance the reader would be a good deal puzzled at times. Mr. Douglas's verse is fluent and melodious, but he must be counselled against the affectation of strange epithets such as "globy," "fady," "frory," &c. Again, "cohabate" and the like may be perfectly sound dictionary words, but are hardly suited to poetry. "The Bloody Heart," an altered version of Boccaccio's story, has merit, and the modification of the Spenserian stanza is happy both in conceit and execution. The tragedy also, "Love's Perversity," is decidedly clever, and gives evidence of more mature powers than the other poems.

## KOLDINGHUUS: ONE OF THE ANCIENT ROYAL CASTLES OF DENMARK

ADJACENT to the flourishing town of Kolding, the southernmost town of Jutland in the Kingdom of Denmark, stand the extensive ruins of Koldinghuus (*i.e.*, Kolding House), the ancestral castle of King Christian IX., and consequently of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. It was the occasional residence of Christian III., who died there A.D. 1559. From his second son, Prince Hans, descends lineally the present Danish sovereign. His daughter, Dorothea, married the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and is thus the ancestress of the Hanoverian and British Royal Families.

The grey old pile, with its huge square tower, forms a conspicuous landmark to the surrounding country. It stands on a plateau, probably artificial, in the outskirts of the town. Its outline and surroundings to an artist are perhaps not so satisfactory as some of the British castles. The lines are not yet sufficiently broken, and the pile lacks the luxurious clusters of ivy which mantle our home ruins. It is, however, very massive, and the walls, built of large brick laid in Roman cement, are of immense strength and thickness. The castle dates back to the year 1248, when the present structure was commenced on the site of an older "Borg" by the Slesvig Duke Abel, the fratricide. It forms an irregular square, with four low towers attached to the interior walls, and a lofty keep called the Giant Tower, which constitutes the exterior north-western angle of the building. On the four corners of the summit of the Giant Tower there formerly stood four colossal effigies, popularly known as Achilles, Hector, Hannibal, and Scipio. During the conflagration which destroyed the castle in 1808, the whole inner part of this tower fell, and with it the two first-named statues. Scipio was precipitated from his lofty perch in 1854 during the prevalence of a violent gale. He buried himself in the soft soil at the foot of the tower, and with the exception of a broken neck was not seriously injured. He was carefully exhumed, his head was replaced, and he stood thenceforward in the centre of the courtyard, until in 1864 the Russian soldiers wantonly destroyed this statue, with the other relics of the castle's greatness. But Hannibal yet remains aloft on his post, his left hand resting on a shield, charged with the arms of Denmark: the three lions passant and the nine hearts. His right grasps a halbert which, however, is a modern innovation supplied some years ago, when the pinnacle of the tower was repaired, to strengthen the fastening of this last remaining sentinel to his somewhat insecure pedestal.

So old a building, the frequent residence of Kings and their powerful vassals, does not lack the inevitable legends and traditions which always cluster round a place associated during many ages with history and arbitrary power. The custodian never fails to entertain visitors especially with the story of the "Swedish Cellar," a deep dungeon under the base of the Giant Tower. When the eyes have become accustomed to the deep gloom, broken only by the faint light from a narrow slit in the roof, traces can be seen of a circular aperture long since closed. The legend has it that savoury food was lowered to tantalise the Swedish King Albert, who had been defeated in battle by Queen Margaret, and was in this cell subjected to the barbarous tortures peculiar to the age. He is said to have exasperated the Danish Elizabeth by sending her a



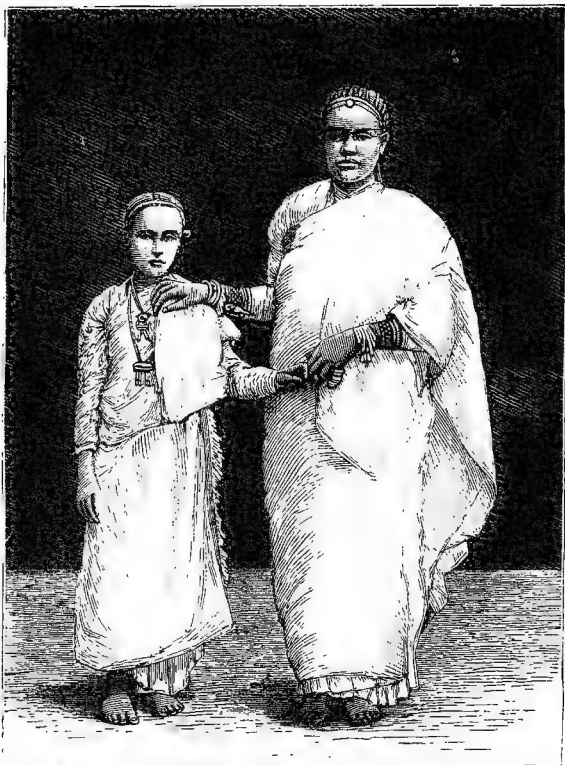


PROSPECTING FOR GOLD



MOUNTED INFANTRY SCOUTING

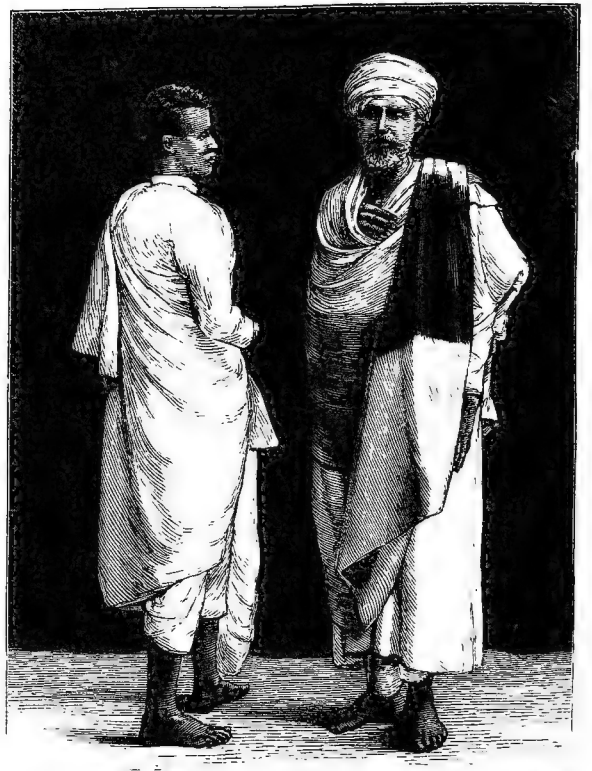
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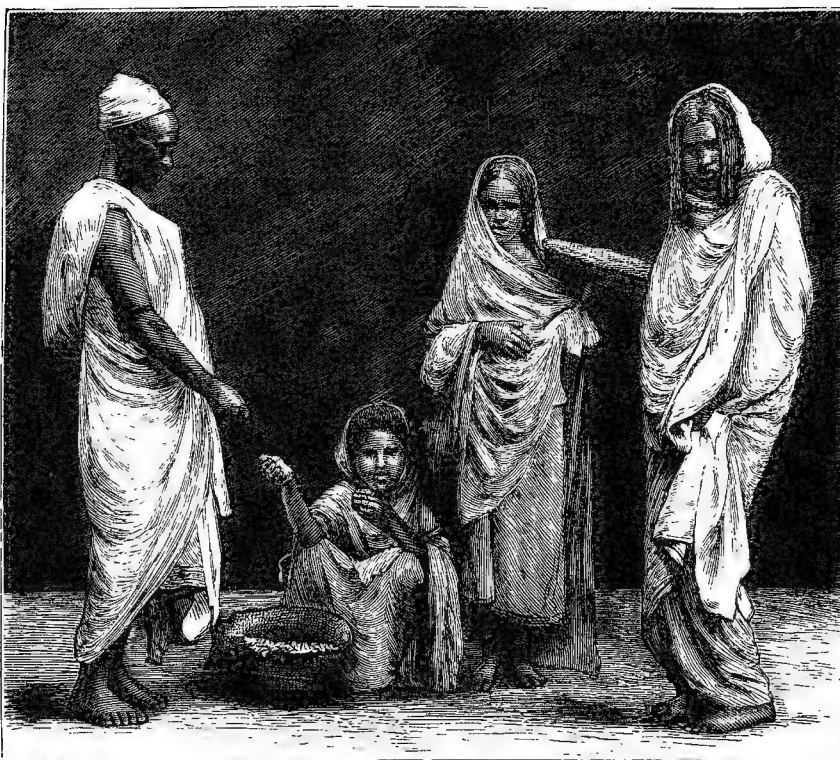
ABYSSINIAN LADY AND HER DAUGHTER



AN ABYSSINIAN PRINCESS



A PRIEST AND DEACON



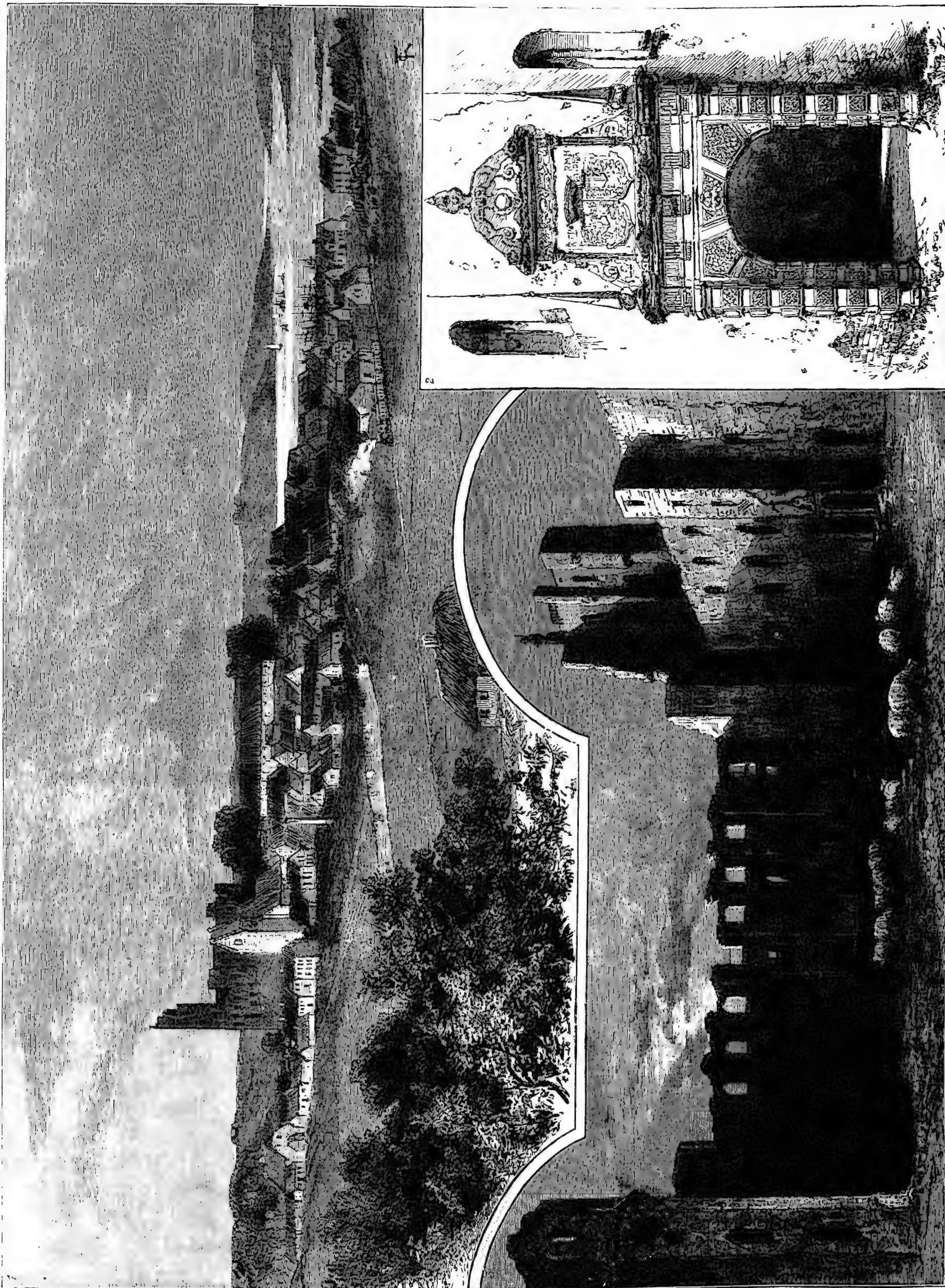
MASSOWAH CAKE-SELLERS



SPEARMEN

A PHOTOGRAPHER IN ABYSSINIA





1. General View of Koldinghuus. 2. The Gateway, with the Arms of Denmark and Brandenburg. 3. The Castle, Showing the Gigantic Figure of Hannibal on the Keep.

KOLDINGHUUS, DENMARK, THE ANCESTRAL CASTLE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES



pair of breeches to be mended, along with a grindstone to sharpen her needles. The insinuation that this last implement was more appropriate to a woman than the sword aroused her anger, and although she swayed the sceptre both vigorously and well, she was not above the most barbarous revenge. Tradition maintains that the unhappy Albert languished in the dungeon for many years, suffering all the torments of Tantalus from the rich food lowered within reach of his senses but beyond that of his hands, while life was kept in him by the meaneast kitchen refuse. It is added that he only saw the daylight when brought into the courtyard to serve as a footstool for the revengeful Queen when she mounted her horse.

In the great "Hall of Knights" another legend relates that the cruel Knight, Sir Strange, one of the first nobles who held the Castle in fief of the Crown, caused his daughter to be danced to death by her six rejected wooers, whom she had refused in favour of a poor sculptor who exercised his art in the decoration of the chapel. Their secret meetings had been discovered, and brought to the knowledge of her father. In his rage the Knight ordered the artist to instant execution in the courtyard, which he compelled his wretched daughter to witness. The same evening she was ordered to prepare for a ball, and was conducted to the Great Hall, where her father and six knights awaited her. She was informed that her boasted power of tiring out every one in the dance would be tested by the six cavaliers. If she succeeded her life would be spared. The dreadful Dance of Death began, and it is said she exhausted four, and almost the fifth, of her gallant partners, when the fearful exertion and her panting breath caused her girdle to be burst, and she instantly dropped dead, her blood dyeing the planks and leaving an indelible stain.

When Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, one of Napoleon's marshals, and afterwards King of Sweden, was in Denmark in 1808 as Commander-in-Chief of the French Corps of occupation, which comprised an auxiliary Spanish force under Count Romana, his headquarters were in Koldinghuus Castle. On the night of March 30th in that year fire broke out, owing to the carelessness of the Spanish troops on guard. In their hurry to thaw their frozen limbs after being relieved from their post, the soldiers built such an enormous fire in the guardroom that the chimney went ablaze, and soon caused a general conflagration. Before the next evening nothing was left of Koldinghuus but a blackened ruin. It is commonly believed that the Spaniards set fire to the castle intentionally, in hopes of destroying the French Marshal; and this is supported by the fact that at the same time a general mutiny of the Spanish troops took place in various parts of the country. The rising was promptly quelled, and the Spanish contingent made prisoners *en masse*, with the exception of the Asturian regiment, regarding whose escape a curious story exists. This regiment received timely warning of the collapse of the mutiny, saddled up, and rode full speed to the coast. There they signalled two English men-of-war cruising in the Belt, who despatched boats to embark the men. The troops were superbly mounted on fine Andalusian chargers which had to be left on the beach. The riderless animals galloped up and down the strand for a time in great distress and confusion, whinnying and gazing out at sea, as if upbraiding their masters for their desertion. Presently a strange and ghastly tragedy began to be enacted on the shore. The horses were observed to form themselves as they had been trained in the order of their respective squadrons. They then charged one squadron against the other in regular line of battle with irresistible fury, biting, shrieking, and kicking. They wheeled and returned to the charge as on a field of battle, and the savage encounter lasted till all were wounded and most were killed. The survivors, tamed by loss of blood, were captured by some peasants who had from a distance witnessed the unnatural fray.

Since that time Koldinghuus has been little more than an object of interest to tourists, of greater interest in recent years on account of its association with the ancestry of our well-beloved Princess of Wales.

M. T.



MR. WILLIAM CROSSMAN who (as stated in our "Home" column) was lost in the collision between the steamer *Albion* and the yacht *Kalafish*, was senior member of the firm of Crossman and Prichard, of Theobald's Road. He had been on the roll of solicitors since 1847, nearly forty years. His firm can be traced back to 1779, and within the last half century one of its partners bore the well-known name of Manisty.

AN INQUEST has been held respecting the death of Mr. H. T. Williams, aged thirty-two, of 3, Temple Gardens, where he was found dead on Friday morning last, having either fallen or thrown himself from a parapet in front of his window. A friend of the deceased gave evidence to the effect that the deceased, who was reading for the Bar, and was also engaged in literary pursuits, had represented himself as rather unwell and sleepless for several days before his death, but that he appeared quite cheerful, and that there was nothing in his circumstances to tempt him to commit suicide. He understood, however, that Mr. Williams was given to walking in his sleep, and

it was somewhat early in the morning when the lifeless body was found in Temple Gardens. The jury returned an open verdict.

ADDRESSING THE GRAND JURY at the adjourned Middlesex Sessions, which began this week, the Assistant Judge, Mr. Edlin, Q.C., referred to certain cases which would come before them in connection with what he called the recent "flood of obscene literature, the suggestive and corrupting influence of which," he said, "must have been felt in every court, house, and alley in the metropolis." Many estimable persons had regarded these "gloomy pictures of shameless and triumphant vice" as a necessary teaching and exposure. He would not question the good intentions of those who designed and printed them, but it was impossible not to notice that the seed thus sown had already begun to show signs of the inevitable fruit.

ON THE APPLICATION of the Medical Officer of Health for St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Mr. Flowers, one of the Bow Street Magistrates, granted an order to close, under the Nuisances Removal Act, Champion Chambers, White Hart Street, pestilential and waterless premises of 54 rooms, mostly small and filthy, 42 of which were occupied by 145 persons. The intimation that an order to close would be asked for was duly given to a firm in Gresham House, the mortgagees of the property, but they took no notice of it.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATES seem resolved not to let pass unpunished cruelty to domestic animals. A so-called "gentleman" who had taken too much to drink refused, when asked, to leave a public-house, and amused himself swinging by its tail a cat which was lying on the counter. Sir Alderman Lusk, Mansion House, fined him 10s. for the refusal to leave, and twice the sum for cruelty to the cat.—The Thames Police Court Magistrate sentenced to seven days' hard labour a reprobate who seeing a kitten playing with a piece of paper "picked it up, hurled it into air two or three times, and then dashed it against the wall with all his force." It was taken up half dead, and was killed by a witness of the incident to put it out of its misery.

A FINE OF A SHILLING AND COSTS, but with liberty to appeal, has been imposed by the Ryde Magistrates on each of several Salvationists summoned under one of the by-laws of the borough which forbids playing and singing in the streets without the permission of the Mayor.

THE DETERMINATION of what is the particular cause of a particular effect has afforded of late considerable scope for the ingenuity of Courts of Law, and sometimes their decisions seem to conflict a little with the dictates of common sense. A man is thrust into an overcrowded railway carriage, and to preserve his centre of gravity he clutches at a door which is abruptly closed on him, and injures his hand. Here it might be thought that the overcrowding was the cause of the injury, but the highest tribunal in the land has decided that such an injury is merely the sequel to, and not the effect caused by, the overcrowding. The judicial philosophy of causation has been further illustrated by a case tried this week at Birmingham before Mr. Justice Day. A colt belonging to the occupier of a field bounded on one side by a stream died from drinking its poisonous water. He brought an action for damages against the Local Board of Health, which has a sewage farm on the bank of the stream, and the Court was satisfied that the effluent water from this farm had poisoned the colt. The colt was taken ill on June 24th, 1884, and the writ in the action was dated more than six months afterwards, on January 29th, 1885. Now, according to one of the provisions of the Public Health Act, "Every action against a local authority must be commenced within six months after the cause of action, and not afterwards." To the non-legal mind it would seem that in this case the cause of action was the death of the colt. The Court held otherwise, being of opinion that the cause of action was not what happened to the colt, but the poisoning of the stream by the defendants, which poisoning having been completed before June 24th, 1884, the action should have been brought before the ensuing 24th December. Accordingly, while an injunction was granted restraining the defendants from further polluting the stream, the plaintiff was refused damages for the loss of his colt.



THE SEASON.—The weather after some electrical disturbance has become quite cool, and harvest work has gained by reason of the greater facility with which the labourers have been able to get on with the ingetting of the crops. The rainshowers have sometimes been heavy, but they have not lasted long, and on the whole 1885 is likely to be remembered for an expeditious and well-got grain harvest. The rainfall has proved of benefit to swedes and turnips, and has refreshed the pastures, from which cattle were getting so poor a feed that corn and cake were being given as supplementary food by farmers on the drier soils.

THE NEW CORN is coming to market in small but appreciable quantities. The first new wheat on offer made 34s. to 38s., but prices have now fallen to 30s. to 35s., and some really excellent new wheat of full weight has been sold for 32s. and 33s., prices

disastrously low, and not remunerating the grower in any county. New barley ranges from 27s. to 37s. per quarter, but fine new malting is already to be purchased at 34s. per quarter, new peas at 35s., and fine new oats at 22s. upwards are to be met with, and the new campaign is starting on currencies which impart deep discouragement and general disaster to the farmers of arable land in England.

THE STUBBLES are always gratifying to the sportsman, especially if the straw is cut high instead of low. But the land remaining for many weeks as stubble is no sign of good farming. In fact, as soon as the corn is reaped, trifolium or tares or rye for fodder may be planted. The trifolium should be sown as soon as the land has been broadshared and turned over. The soil should then be harrowed and rolled down. The trifolium may be got off early in May, when the land should be well refreshed with farmyard manure, and swedes or turnips will be in time if put in before the end of the month.

OUR WANT OF WHEAT.—With an area of 2,478,318 acres under wheat in Great Britain, and a mean yield of twenty-nine bushels per acre, the total produce this year would be 8,983,500 qrs. Adding for Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands on the basis of last year's estimated produce, we get at a total of a little over 9,250,000 qrs. for the United Kingdom. Deducting as usual 1,000,000 qrs. for seeds and other farm uses we have 8,250,000 qrs. left for food wants. As the English demand is 24,000,000 qrs., or more, the imports of the new cereal year will be required to attain a total of something like 16,000,000 qrs.

THE BARBERRY.—The wild plant is one of the most widely spread of hedgerow bushes, and the cultivated shrub is a favourite in gardens by reason of its retaining its foliage throughout the year. It blooms in spring; the berries, similar to small blue grapes when ripe, mature about the present time. In favourable seasons second flowers appear in October and November, but this, of course, is too late for the development of fruit in this country. In September the foliage turns purple, and presents a very beautiful appearance. Attractive as the barberry is, its existence is threatened by reason of the outcry which farmers are making against it as the nurse and cover of the mildew disease which affects the wheat. It is alleged that the parasitic fungus found on the barberry is a second and perfect stage of the true corn mildew. The spores of the mildew float in the summer time in the air in myriads, alighting upon animate and inanimate objects, but only such as settle on fostering plants take root and prosper. Even those which settle on the barberry need moisture within a limited time of their settling, otherwise they do not fructify. This is why damp seasons show a prevalence of mildew. It is not that damp produces mildew, but the damp prevents the mildew spore remaining sterile.

CARPET GARDENING looks well enough just round some stately mansion, or in the more formal parts of our parks. But any extension of carpet gardening beyond this very moderate and specialised use is well denounced by a writer who pleads for shady walks, where one can meditate in the cool of the day out of sight of the house, even in a small garden, "all the cool arbours embowered by honeysuckle and climbing roses—Celeste, the old white, the York and Lancaster, the village maid, the cabbage, the maiden's blush, the musk rose, the damask roses, and the old clustered climbing roses." The same writer warns us that the carpet gardener, with his taste for "vegetable fireworks" and monotonous discords of gaudy colour, will, if we yield to him, sweep away "the pinks," Chaucer's "sops in wine," the "carnations and sheathed gillyvors" of Shakespeare, the "pansies, which stood for thought," the daffodils, "which come before the swallow dares," the primroses, "which die unmarried," the "Christmas rose flowering in mid-winter, the hepaticas, the gentians, the auriculas, the polyantheses, the anemones, the columbines, the phloxes, the larkspurs, the noes rockets, and the lilies." The lover of the old-fashioned garden certainly has our sympathies; but we must warn him that he must be his own gardener nowadays. The professional gardener, who really understands and cares for hardy plants, may now be sought in vain.

AMATEUR GARDENERS then are what we want, for if they succeed, the professionals must and will follow them. Only they must be thorough. They must go in for botany as well, at least as gentlemen players go in for cricket. The æsthetic movement has rehabilitated the lovely daffodil, and the fashion for pansies and carnations which just now prevails should be advanced and taken advantage of. The quaint and unsatisfactory orchid is happily a very dear thing to cultivate, and also to buy. It is a plutocrat's folly, and does not concern the majority even of cultured folk. The advantages of various climbing plants must be recognised, not only Virginian creepers, but quick-growing ivies, clematises of various shades of colour, passion flowers, honeysuckles, and climbing roses, must be cultivated and attended to. Their value in the suburbs and where wall spaces are ugly and obtrusive is immense. Vines and figs are not so delicate as many amateurs imagine. The old espalier avenues of fruit trees are very charming, and should be kept up, apart from the question of fruit. The standard rose may be left to the buttonhole gardener. Ferneries are overdone, and should never be attempted in arid corners, where the dust and heat make the fronds curl and wither at the edges, so producing an effect of indescribable shabbiness. On the other hand, stonecrop, echeverias, sedums, and other plants of that order, will often cover to advantage heaps that would be otherwise very unsightly. Roofs of out-houses may be relieved of their ugliness and monotony by the same means.

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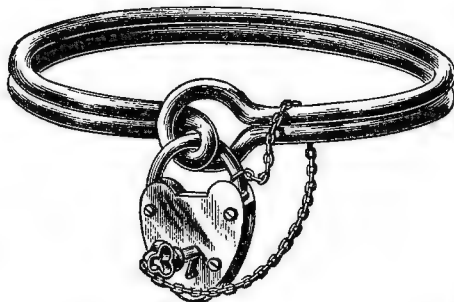
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For he did cause our troops to fly;  
We spent our time in making laws,  
And listening to each other's jaws."

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# A Buck-Hunting Excursion in South Africa



THE CHIEF HUNTSMAN

SPORT IN THESE LATTER DAYS of nineteenth-century civilisation has become a very different affair to that recorded by Gordon Cumming, in days not so far distant as to be beyond the memory of those whose beards are as yet unsilvered by Time's hand. Steam, if it has not actually helped in the "survival of the fittest," has at least had the converse effect of causing the disappearance of the weakest. Traders' rum and cheap calicoes have aided to no small extent in the extermination of the noble savage, and the breechloaders of Lang and Henry have dealt an equal destruction among the game which at one time formed his food. With the easy means of communication which our numberless lines of steamers afford has come an annihilation of distance, which has resulted in the thinning of the great preserves of the world to a somewhat alarming extent.

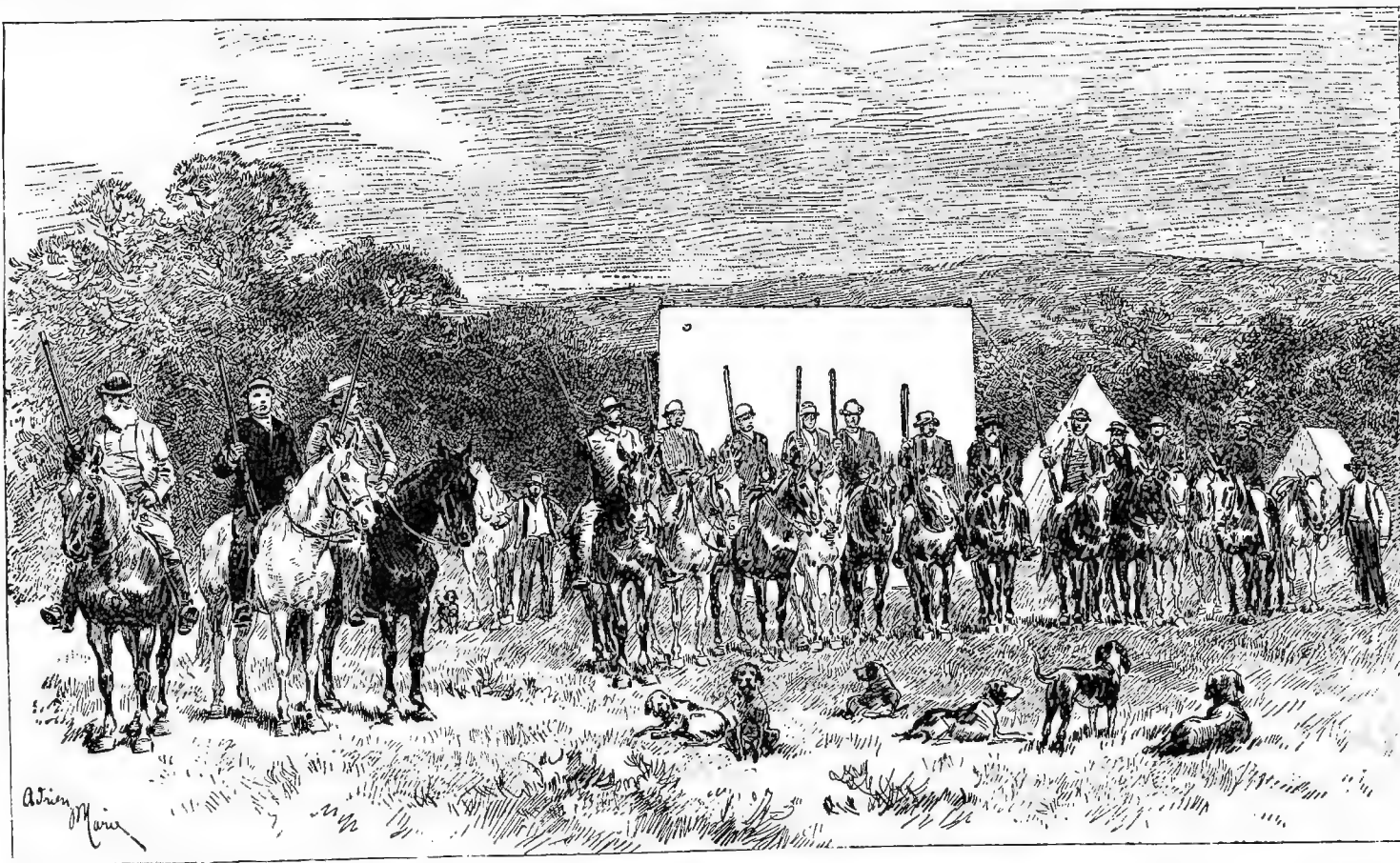
There is one continent, however, which has always been the sportsman's paradise, and the peculiar charm attaching to the wild life of a hunter and traveller in Southern Africa is not likely ever to be forgotten by those who have experienced it, however much the varied scenes of later wanderings may tend to obliterate details. The country has not, any more than others, escaped the diminution in its larger game which seems almost invariably to follow the advent of the white man, but so much has remained, and will, in all probability, still remain for some years to come, that the Englishman whose chief idea on a fine day is, as we know, to "go out and kill something," will probably attain his object with less difficulty here than elsewhere. The cream of the shooting within the Cape Colony lies in its eastern division, where the country approximates rather to the character of Natal, especially in

the neighbourhood of the sea coast. *Kloofs* running down to the sea, are clothed in thick bush, which is the haunt of several kinds of antelope. In some places this jungle is so extensive and unbroken as to acquire a distinctive name, and the *Pirie*, *Adda*, and *Kowie* "Bushes," are full of game, which leads a tolerably undisturbed life in consequence of the difficulty in working the ground. Here buffalo are still to be found, the most dangerous game in all Africa, with the exception of the black rhinoceros. Further south still, in the neighbourhood of Mossel Bay, and at no very great distance from the most southern point of the great continent, is the Knysna Forest, which abounds in fine timber, and is of sufficient size to form the last stronghold—within the colony—of a herd of elephants. These would, of course, long since have been exterminated, but for the intervention of the Government, by whom they have for some years past been protected. It was here that the Duke of Edinburgh shot his first tusker.

Near Port Elizabeth, the capital of the eastern division of the colony—perhaps better known to Englishmen as Algoa Bay, on the shores of which it is situated—are many farms, where capital shooting may be had by those who are fortunate enough to number the owners among their friends. The exigencies of business are much the same in South Africa as they are within sound of Big Ben, and those whose duties tie them down to the dust and heat of that most unattractive of towns look forward to a holiday with as keen a zest as that experienced by the most ardent of grouse-shooters at the approach of "the Twelfth." The vacation at Easter is very generally devoted to sport, but it is not every one who has the good fortune to be a member of the "Easter Hunt." This institution, whose doings the accompanying illustrations commemorate, was started some twenty years ago by Messrs. Holland and Pettit, and Mr. Hudson, the present British Resident in the

Transvaal. For some years these gentlemen and other keen sportsmen had joined forces at Easter, and shot over various farms in the adjoining country. Some little time ago, however, the yearly excursion crystallised into a more definite and permanent shape, owing to the kindness of Mr. James Coltman, who placed his hospitality and the *ferre nature* of his farm at the service of the members of the little club. Here, at Wycombe Vale in the Alexandria district, the fortunate guests have had really magnificent sport for the last fourteen or fifteen years, starting work on the Saturday before Easter, and returning to Port Elizabeth on the following Thursday evening. Lately, as Mr. Owen Dunell writes, the bags have been so good that the members of the Hunt feel that they are worthy of being immortalised in the pages of *The Graphic*, the more so as Mr. Harris's excellent photographs of the various scenes enable those unacquainted with the country to form a good idea of the incidents of a "Buck-hunt" in civilised South Africa. "Wycombe Vale," Mr. Dunell continues, "is a natural home for antelopes—Bushbuck, Duikers, Grysback, and Bluebuck abounding—and, as it is strictly preserved for the sport of the Easter Hunt, a good bag is a certainty. Most of the sport is obtained in the big *kloofs*, or ravines, which branch out from the thick bush, and these are driven by some thirty Kaffir beaters and a number of dogs, many of very intricate breeding. During the week we live under canvas, our camp being close to the homesteads, and a jollier week can scarcely be imagined. No letters or papers reach us, and from the cold soups in the early morning, to the circle round the enormous camp-fire at night, we enjoy ourselves to the utmost. Our first day's bag showed twenty-seven head, most of which were bushbuck. Easter Monday was a great day, as we shot thirty-four bucks, and on Tuesday and Wednesday we got twenty-five and twenty-seven respectively. Our total bag for the four days was 113 bucks, and we reached Port Elizabeth on the Thursday night, regretting that such a pleasant week should have passed so quickly. Mr. Coltman, who so generously gives up his estate for our sport, always accompanies us, and, although he has himself given up shooting on account of his advanced years, is as keen on seeing the fun as ever, and, what with looking after the beaters, placing the guns, and having an occasional shot with his little rook-rifle, he gets through an amount of work during the day that would put many a younger man to shame. He was in his day a noted rifle-shot, and now, in his old age, is a model for all young sportsmen to copy. Of his kindness and hospitality it is impossible to say enough. Our party consisted of fourteen guns, most of whom were from Port Elizabeth."

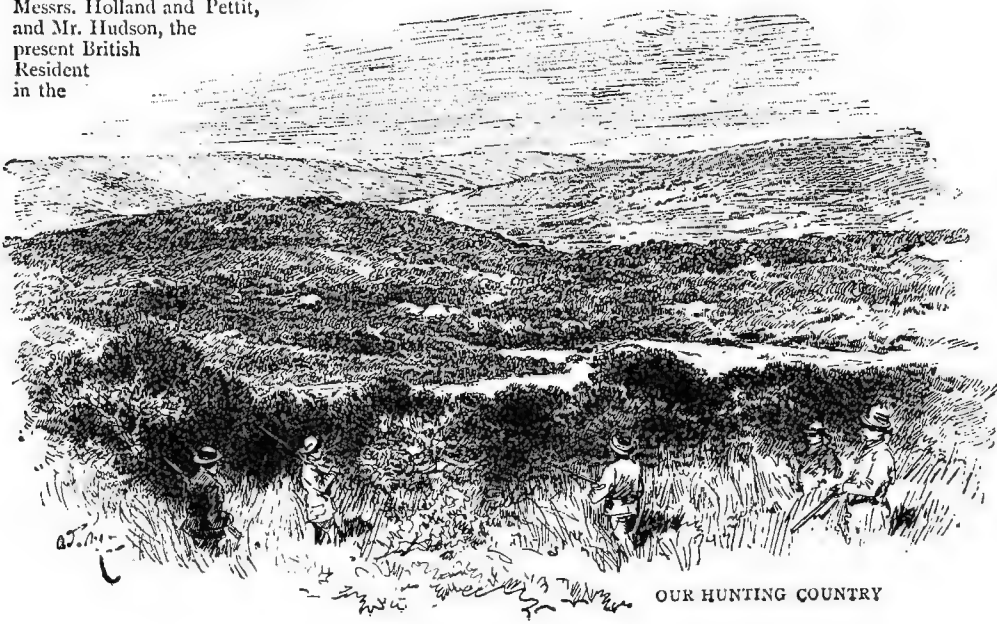
Our illustration of Mr. Coltman, the chief huntsman of the party, speaks volumes in favour of the climate of the Cape. However dangerous the district further north may be, there is no doubt that the colony itself is as healthy as any part of the earth's surface, and the outdoor existence and constant physical exercise of a farmer's life breed a race of men who, in strength and staying power, cannot be beaten by the somewhat hyper-civilised representatives of the mother country. The heat nevertheless



THE START FROM CAMP

induces a certain aversion to the natural means of locomotion, and "Cape laziness" takes the form of riding on every possible occasion. In a "Buck-hunt," however, the extent of ground covered is generally so great, and the beats so far apart, that walking would be practically impossible, and accordingly, as can be seen in the second illustration, every member of the party is mounted. "Our Hunting Country" gives a good idea of the undulating bush-covered districts in which the game is found. The most "likely" localities are the small tributary *kloofs* of the main valley, the bottoms of which are densely wooded. The surrounding hills being bare, there is little difficulty in placing the guns, and with good beaters, as the Kaffirs almost invariably are, it is not often that the cover is drawn blank. The bush in some parts is very dense, and, from the abundance of thorns, is such as but few English beaters would care to face. The Kaffirs, however, in spite of their naked skins, go through it in a manner that somewhat astonishes the newly-landed Englishman, and being all born hunters seem to enjoy the business as much as their masters do.

Camp life on occasions such as these is as luxurious as even a spoilt Indian sportsman could desire. Everybody is anxious to enjoy the short holiday to the utmost of his power, and with plenty of servants, an abundant larder, and a round dozen of good fellows, it would be odd indeed if success did not crown the endeavour. No dread of "lung-sickness" in his cattle, no thoughts of want of water and a burnt-up *veldt*, such as disturb the mind of the interior traveller, ever affect the enjoyment of the happy participant in a buck-hunt. Dinner once over and pipes alight, the events of the day are recounted with an interest unspoiled by long habit, and the prospects and plans of the morrow's campaign are freely discussed. Round the servants' camp-fire hard by the Kaffirs sit revelling in unlimited meat—their ideal of the greatest happiness of this world. It is worth while watching them, if you have never done so, and can manage to get near the group without being perceived. Almost all African natives are great talkers; but they also possess the rare virtue of being equally good listeners. Watch this fellow, for example—evidently a person of importance in his own, if not in every one else's opinion. He is describing some incident of the day's sport—some adventure which, you may be sure, has ended unpleasantly for the object of the chase. His actions and gestures are so imitatively life-like, and at the same time so abundant, that, even if you are unacquainted with his language, you have no difficulty whatever in following every detail of the narrative. The others listen unmoved, hardly interrupting him until he has finished, when some one else begins, and so the ball is kept rolling



OUR HUNTING COUNTRY



far into the night. A little distance away half-a-dozen of them are engaged in smoking *dagga*, or wild hemp, practically if not actually the same as *haschisch* or *blang*, and equally ruinous to them both physically and mentally. There are several methods of performing this operation; but a favourite way is to sink a hollow ball of clay in the ground, inserting a small pipe-bowl in the upper surface. A stem, constructed generally of bamboo, is likewise fixed into it, and leads slantingly upwards to the surface of the ground a couple of feet away. The powder is then placed in the bowl and lighted, and the smoker, bending

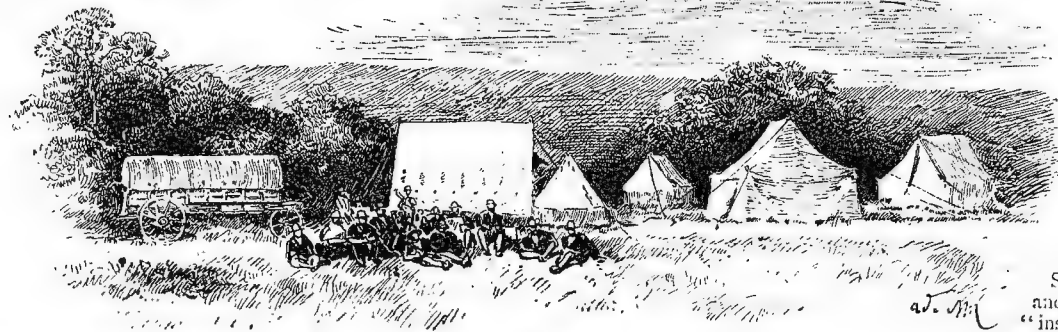
wearing a collar. The female—the 'mbabala of the Zulus—differs considerably from the male, and is devoid of horns.

Some years ago, before South Africa had experienced the humiliation and disasters which were destined at a later period to befall it, I found myself at Port Elizabeth at the approach of Easter in company with my friend M—, with whom I was then on my way to the interior. We had despatched our heavy baggage up country by bullock waggon, and were existing on a wardrobe of "a couple of shirts and a collar or two," like our friend the Judge in *Trial by Jury*, the amount of baggage permitted to a passenger on the Diamond Fields coach by which we intended following being, if I remember right, exactly fifteen pounds. There was no particular reason why we should arrive before our things, and as there was every probability of their being from six weeks to two months on the road, we decided to spend that time in the neighbourhood of Algoa Bay, and see if we could not get some sport among the smaller game which abounded in the *kloofs* and valleys along the coast. After a sort of preliminary canter with some friends to some rivers to the south, where we found little or no shooting was to be obtained, we determined to visit the Kowie district, which was said to be a good locality. We accordingly left Grahamstown, which we had reached by rail and coach, in the small Cape cart which rejoiced in the appellation of the Royal Mail; and, after being within an ace of a capsizing on our way, we finally reached our destination without injury, an event which is usually as much a cause for surprise as thanksgiving to the new comer, to whom Colonial customs are at first somewhat astonishing. For the benefit of those who are as yet unacquainted with post-cart travelling in South Africa, I may state that the vehicle, which is usually tightly packed with passengers and luggage, is a two-wheeled one. This fact, however, does not prevent four horses being "spanned," a number that is only deviated from when, as is not unfrequently the case, another pair are added. There is no doubt whatever that by this means travellers can cover the ground at a considerable pace, especially if the horses are kept at a slinging gallop, as they generally are. It is, of course, unfortunate that there are in some places no roads, and that we cannot always see where we are going. But if the cart *does* bring up against a tree, or fathom the depths of an ant-bear hole, why, it can't be helped. It is certainly awkward for Jones, who has dislocated his arm and fractured his thigh bone, and still more so for poor Smith, whose remains are being collected upon the tail-board, and who, they say, has left a large family. But, after all, these things will happen, and, in South Africa probably more than any other part of the world:

Man lernt sich hübsch bequemem,  
Jed' ding wie's kommt zu nehmen.

And so, with a little patience, and plenty of raw hide to secure breakages, a fresh start is soon made, and in due course of time "she is bound to fetch in," as your colonial friend expresses it.

We soon shook down into our new quarters, and before many days were out we had made the acquaintance of two or three of the neighbouring farmers. They were a capital set of fellows, keen shots, and ready to show us whatever the country afforded in the way of sport. Two of them held a farm on the K— river, and on my mentioning that we had not as yet succeeded in killing any bushbuck, they at once suggested that we should drive out and stay with them, and that they would get up a buck-hunt in our honour. The offer was too good to be refused, and accordingly the sweltering morning found our little party *en route*. Our host, M—, and I navigated a Cape cart, drawn by a broken-down old mare and one of the most impenitent mules I have ever had the evil fortune to exhort. C—, another colonial, and, like most of them, a capital sportsman, was more fortunate, and bestrode a weedy animal which, like many Cape horses, though not much to look at, was "a good 'un to go." Our road, or rather way, for before long all semblance of a track disappeared, led through scattered bush country with very deep sand, and before many hours had elapsed it was apparent that our arrival that night was a matter of considerable doubt. By the time the short twilight was upon us all doubt had vanished, and it became evident that we should have to camp out—an arrangement for which we were hardly prepared. C—, however, who knew the country well, informed us that there were a couple of deserted huts in the neighbourhood, and, after blundering about in the dark for some time, we were at length able to hit them off. Owing to their being securely fastened up, we had at first considerable difficulty in effecting an entrance, but our efforts were at length successful, and in a short time we were seated round a fire, discussing what supper tiffin-basket could produce. Hard boards are decidedly inferior to soft sand as a bed, but it was far too cold at night to sleep out without blankets, so we had to make the best



OUR CAMP

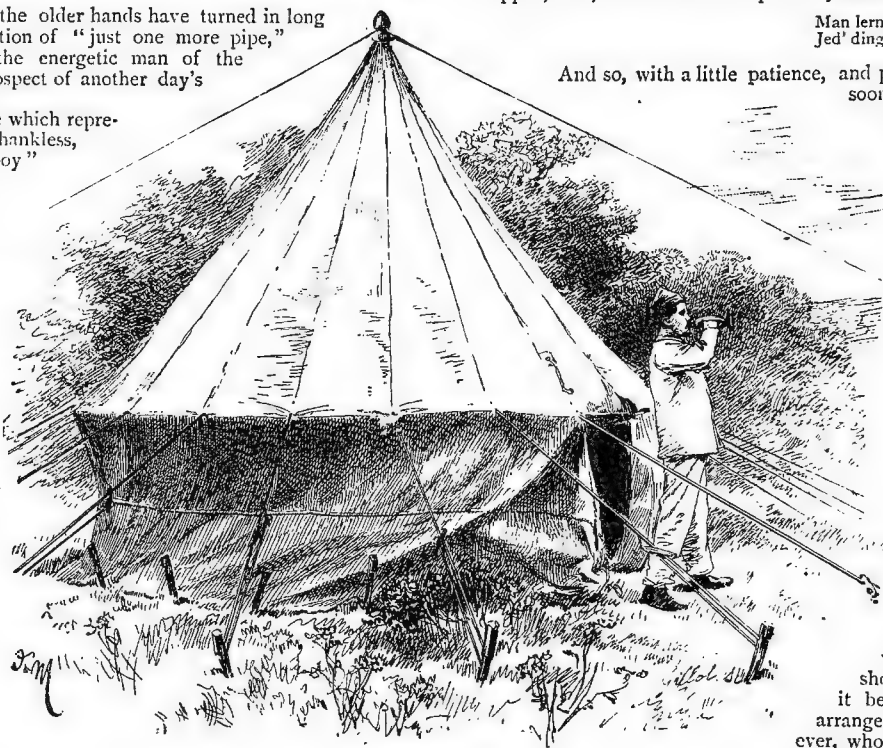
down on his hands and knees, inhales a few whiffs of the narcotic. He then fills his mouth with water, and squirts it out through a reed in a semi-idiotic manner. In a few moments, so rapid is the action of the drug, that he is fully under its influence, and chatters and laughs inanely for some minutes. No one takes the smallest notice of him, except to push him out of the way, and a moment or two later the drug is in full blast again, with the next candidate for temporary insanity filling his place.

But late hours are fatal to straight shooting, and the older hands have turned in long ago. So if we are wise we shall reject the temptation of "just one more pipe," and follow their example, sleeping peacefully till the energetic man of the party, airily clad in pyjamas, recalls us to the prospect of another day's sport with a *réveille* loud enough to wake the dead.

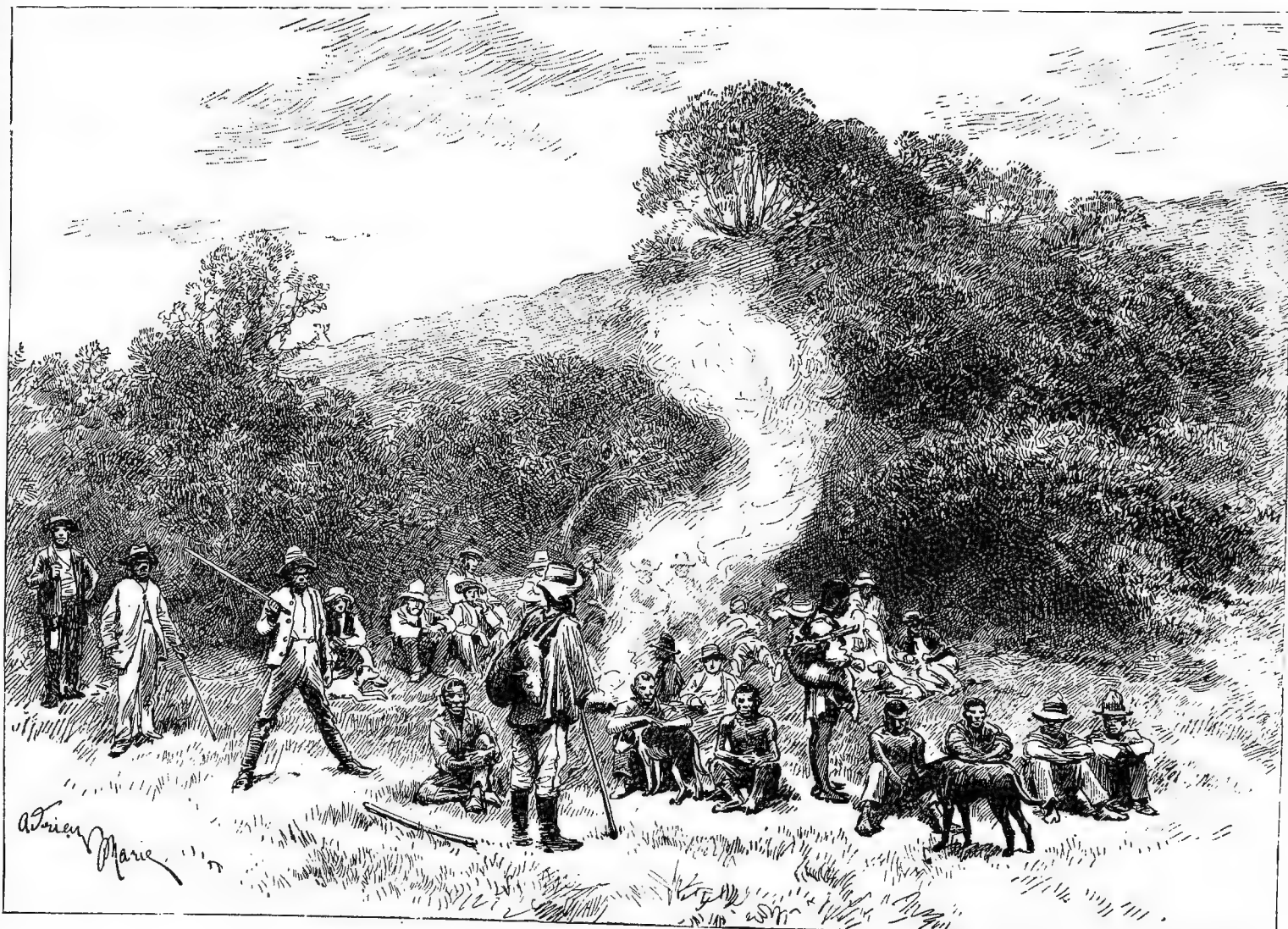
In the illustration immediately beneath the one which represents the performance of this unpleasing, yet always thankless, task, the attitudes and appearance of the genus "boy" can be studied. A "boy," for the benefit of those who have never been to the colonies, and to whom the East is unknown, is a male native servant of any age, from the time he is able to pick weeds or wield a fly-brush until he is ready for interment. He is, as a rule, fearfully and wonderfully clothed, and though one seldom sees two dressed—or undressed—alike, there are a couple of articles which are always regarded as very fashionable—a scarlet handkerchief worn round the waist or tied across the forehead, and an enormously broad-brimmed grey wide-awake, caught up in front or at the side, *à la Rembrandt*. If the wearer can afford an ostrich feather for the latter he considers himself as a dandy of the first water, and capable of breaking the heart of any dusky *belle*. Most of these articles of clothing, however, useful as well as ornamental, will be doffed before commencing the day's proceedings, and Jan will take the bush clad in a waist-cloth, a couple of assegais, and a stick. It is merely a partial reversion to his natural condition after all, for the *Kaaf*, or naked, Kaffirs in this district have undergone such a *reductio ad absurdum* in the way of dress that a further change to that of our progenitors before the Fall would as a matter of fact render them far more presentable.

The remainder of the engravings illustrative of the successes of the members of the Port Elizabeth Hunt speak for the most part for themselves. The "First Day's Bag" will be seen to consist of hares and feathered game, in addition to the various species of antelope to which I have already alluded. The former are more or less common throughout Southern Africa, and form a most welcome addition to the hunters' fare, which, in the interior at least, is apt to consist rather too much of buck meat. This, though good enough in its way, is generally somewhat dry and tasteless, and the gaminess of flavour given by pussy to the *salmi à la chasseur* is by no means to be despised. The birds are what the colonists, with a love of the old country exceeding their ornithological knowledge, have termed "partridges" and "pheasants." They are in reality francolins. The "red-necked pheasant" (*F. nudicollis*) is a tolerably abundant species in the eastern parts of the Cape Colony, and the "grey-wing partridge" (*F. afer*) is also not uncommon. Altogether there are ten or twelve different species of this genus to be found between Cape Town and the Zambesi River. The sport they give is, on the whole, rather unsatisfactory, owing to the difficulty in getting the birds to rise, but, when once on the wing, their strong and rapid flight atones for other deficiencies.

In the "hunts" of the Eastern district, the bushbuck, or 'nkonka, as it is called in Natal and the Zulu country, will probably form the chief part of the contents of the game-cart. It is one of the finest of the smaller antelopes, and, when full-grown, will weigh thirteen stone or more. It stands as high as a small donkey, and, from its great strength and pluck, and the formidable weapons of defence with which it is provided, it is by no means ignoble quarry. "The Big Ram," which some fortunate member of the party has been lucky enough to bring to bag, shows a pair of horns apparently considerably above the average. These are erect and spiral, somewhat lyre-shaped as seen from the front, and of needle-like sharpness. The animal is of a bright reddish-brown colour, darker on the back, and with two white spots upon the cheeks. Its otherwise handsome appearance is, however, somewhat spoilt by the neck being nearly bare of hair, very much as if it had been rubbed off by



RÉVEILLE

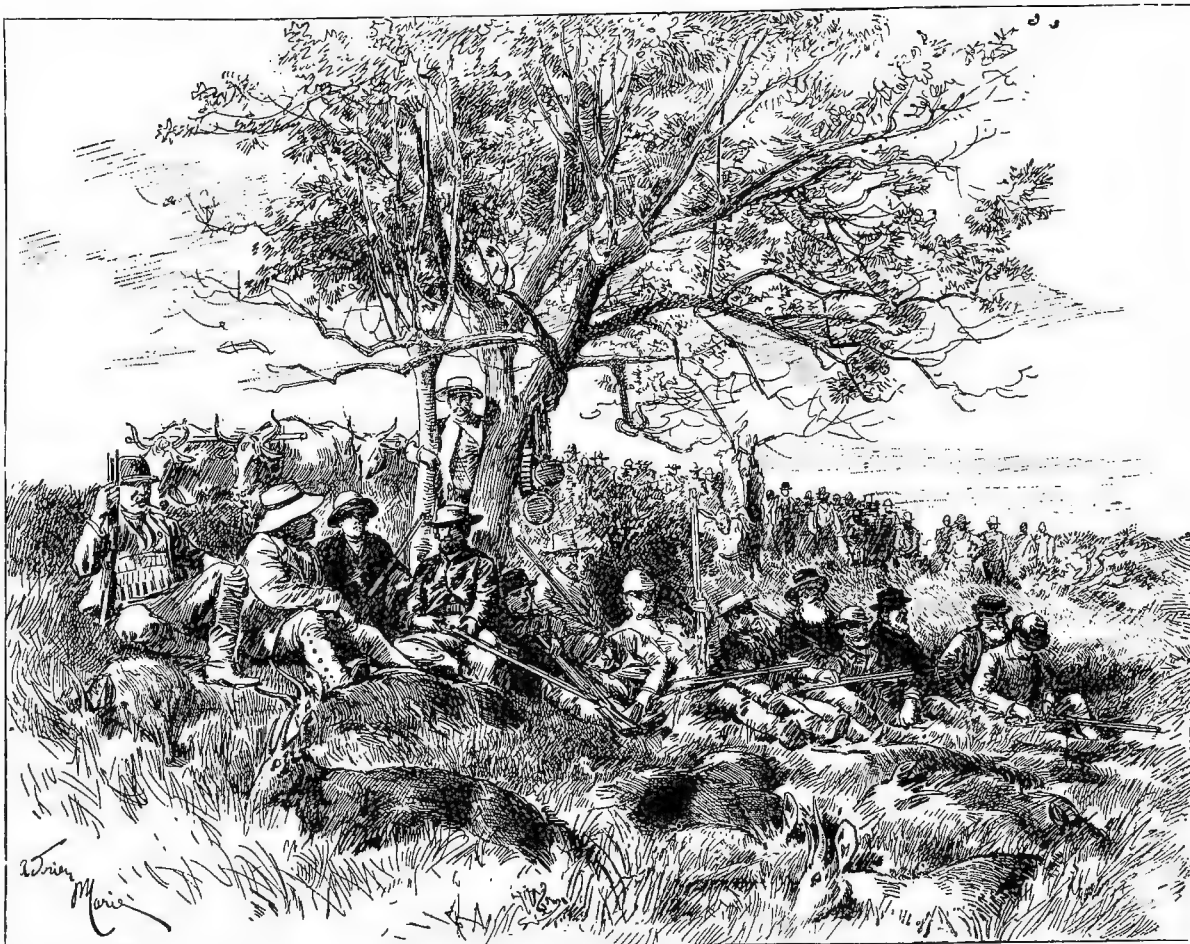


A GROUP OF BEATERS



of it. M— disposed himself upon our only three chairs; C— took possession of a deal table, extending himself flat upon his back, and looking like a "subject" for dissection; I retired into a corner of the room, and in a sitting position awaited the attack of the armies of fleas, which were the sole guardians of the hut; while poor S—, who has long ago shot his last buck, ensconced his lengthy form in the cupboard, from which his legs protruded far across the floor. It was a time for "yarning," as sleep under such circumstances is wooed with difficulty, and the talk falling on the peculiarly restless condition of the natives at that time, S— told us how, on the outbreak of the Kaffir War of 1850, he had been with other settlers in this same room, when the news had been brought by a friendly native, and how they had barely time to escape with their lives. These outbreaks almost invariably occur about Christmas, after the natives have got in their harvest, and he ended by expressing his firm conviction that we were upon the eve of another—a prediction that was destined to be fulfilled exactly as he had anticipated.

We were off by daybreak next morning, and on our arrival found some six or eight guns awaiting us, anxious to commence operations. We accordingly mounted, and rode over some low grass-covered hills to the ground, a likely-looking stretch of bush in the valley of the K— river. Our beaters consisted of some forty Kaffirs, almost naked, and armed with assegais and knob-kerries, a formidable crowd, who were without the prepossessing appearance that Zulus present. Before starting, a sort of incantation ceremony was gone through over the spoil of a previous hunt, which was supposed to ensure success. It was, however, of not much use in our first drive, as the cover was drawn blank, and, while waiting, we had ample time to take stock of the surroundings. The bush here was exceedingly pretty, as, indeed, is the case throughout this part of the colony. It is often alleged, and generally with truth, that there is a great dearth of flowers, and therefore of colouring, in all hot countries, more especially in the jungles, but this is not the case in South Africa. The ground was brightened here and there with the brilliant colours of various liliaceous plants, and in many places the tops of the low trees on which we looked down from the side of the *kloof* were smothered with dense masses of a heavy creeper, with a wealth of yellow blossom. There were few flowery trees, but the numberless *baviaan-tourens*, or monkey ropes, as the lianes are called, and the long streamers of moss hanging from the boughs of the trees, gave a more tropical appearance to the scene than the latitude justified. The undergrowth was very dense, and, like all bush in Africa, abounded in thorns. Even here the old Dutch names remain, and it does not take long for the new-comer to learn the meaning of *svacht-en-bietje*, or the exact translation of *hook-en-stick*. I was somewhat astonished to see the condition of the natives emerging from the bush. They had gone



AFTER THE FIRST BEAT

never personally come across any instance of an accident of this kind, but almost every old colonial who has had much experience of this particular kind of sport has either seen or known of serious, or even fatal, results from the charge of an *'nkonka*. Mr. Drummond, in his "Large Game of South and South-East Africa," relates an instance that he himself witnessed, in which a bush-buck drove its horns almost through the body of a coolie who was acting as beater in a hunt. The man died in the course of a few hours. It is the opinion of most men who have had much shooting in Africa that almost every animal, however harmless it may be considered, will charge, and charge home too, on occasion, especially if cornered. An instance of this kind once occurred to me when shooting on the plains in the north of the Orange River Free State. I had wounded a blesbuck—one of the most inoffensive of all the antelopes—and following it up on foot, I observed it separate from the herd and lie down. Its left foreleg had been broken high up, and, being without a horse, and knowing by experience that an antelope with three sound legs will go nearly as far as an uninjured one, my only anxiety was lest the animal should get away. I accordingly took some trouble in stalking it, and by the aid of an ant-hill got to within a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Its head and horns alone were visible, and resting the rifle on the top of the ant-hill, I fired at the white blaze on the forehead. The shot, as I afterwards discovered, struck too low, but it had the effect of rousing the animal, who got up and came straight towards me. I remained concealed until it was within half-a-dozen yards of me, when I stood up, expecting to get a broadside shot as it turned. To my great astonishment, however, on catching sight of me it put down its head and came at me with a rush. The whole affair was so sudden and so unexpected that it took me completely aback. I hardly realised the fact before the brute was almost on me, and but for the presence of the ant-hill, behind which I slipped and rolled my antagonist over as he passed, it would, I think, have gone hard with me. Mr. Drummond, in the same volume to which I have already referred, gives an even more curious instance in which he was charged by a duiker—a small antelope not very much larger than a blue-buck.

Our second drive being over, we halted under the shade of some large trees, and had tiffin. Two secretary birds were stalking solemnly about a short distance off, and I amused myself by watching their movements. This curious falcon, for a falcon it really is in spite of its terrestrial habits, is common enough in many parts of the eastern division of the Cape Colony, and, owing to both law and custom having decreed against its molestation, it is in general



BRINGING UP THE GAME CART

in black enough, but had apparently lost that colour *en route*: the thorns had scratched them nearly white, but they seemed to take but little notice of it, although some were bleeding pretty freely. Our next beat was more successful, and we broke the spell with a couple of *'nkonka*, and several blue-buck. The latter is the smallest antelope in the country, and is a most graceful little creature. Standing only fourteen or fifteen inches high, and hardly a couple of feet in length, it is little bigger than a large hare. Its general colour is a sort of brownish-slate or mouse colour, and the long narrow head and pointed muzzle are very peculiar. On the occasion of one of these little animals being put up by the beaters, an event took place which gave me, for the first time, some idea of the deadliness of the assegai in the hands of a native. Hearing a rustling in the bush, I turned and saw a blue-buck bounding along at top speed in a direction which would bring him within easy shot of me. A native who happened to be at my right also saw it, and, as it passed some twenty or thirty yards away, he threw his assegai, and the blade entering just behind the shoulder, the buck rolled over stone dead. The performance astonished me considerably, but I have seen enough of the business since then to know that most Kaffirs are as dexterous, or more so, with this weapon up to a short distance as they would be with a rifle.

A buck-hunt is, after all, very much like a turn at the pheasants at home, and I will not weary my readers with a description of each separate beat. Change the damp stillness of the air and the crisp rustle of the leaves under foot for the glare and baked earth of Africa; turn the beguiled keepers into dusky Kaffirs; and the incidents are really much the same as if the game were smaller. There is, it is true, a certain element of danger in the sport, but I am bound to state that this risk proceeds almost as much from the hunters as the hunted, owing to the somewhat reckless shooting that is occasionally indulged in. In most meetings of this kind, however, rifles are wisely interdicted, and though ball is occasionally used in the smooth-bores, the favourite charge is buckshot and "loppers" mixed, the proportions varying according to the fancy of the sportsman.

The bush-buck, however, it should be said, is by no means always a harmless animal. Its strength, and the sharp horns with which it is provided, render it, on occasion, a rather dangerous antagonist. It is extraordinarily plucky, and when wounded often charges with such determination that the absence of a cool head and a steady hand may prove extremely unpleasant for the sportsman. I have



TIFFIN IN THE BUSH





A YELLOW-WOOD TREE

tolerably tame. The encounters of these birds with snakes have often been described, and it is most amusing to watch them dance round their antagonists, and lunge out at them with their wings in the most approved pugilistic fashion. They are seldom seen on trees except during the nesting season, when their clumsy endeavours to balance themselves upon the branches are most ludicrous.

Our tiffin was disturbed by the sounds of a *fracas* among the natives, and on going up we found a row had occurred between our hosts' boys and some we had ourselves brought from the Kowie district. The men were looking rather "ugly," but with the aid of strong repressive measures administered by S— and the two G—'s matters quieted down, and we recommenced work, though the amount of subdued growling showed that, in diplomatic phraseology, relations were still somewhat strained between the two parties. Our afternoon sport, however, was tolerably successful, and before "sun under," as it is called in South Africa, we had managed to put together a bag of twenty-seven head, comprising bush-buck, grysbok, a duiker, several blue-buck, and three hares.

The grysbok, a tolerably common antelope in the bush country such as I have described, though less so than either the *'nkonka* or the little blue-buck, is very much smaller than the former, and altogether of less powerful build. It is of a deep brownish-red colour, with sparsely-scattered white hairs, and has a well-marked horseshoe on the forehead. The horns of the male are very small, barely three inches in length, and quite straight. The duiker is slightly larger, but neither of them, though tolerably good from a culinary point of view, has sufficiently good horns to make a respectable "head," and they are accordingly somewhat despised by those whose chief object is to secure trophies. In the districts I have been alluding to, the bush-buck is the only animal that can fairly come under this category, if the rheebok be excepted. This latter antelope is, however, not very often met with, as it is an inhabitant of the more open country, specially affecting the slopes of stony hills.

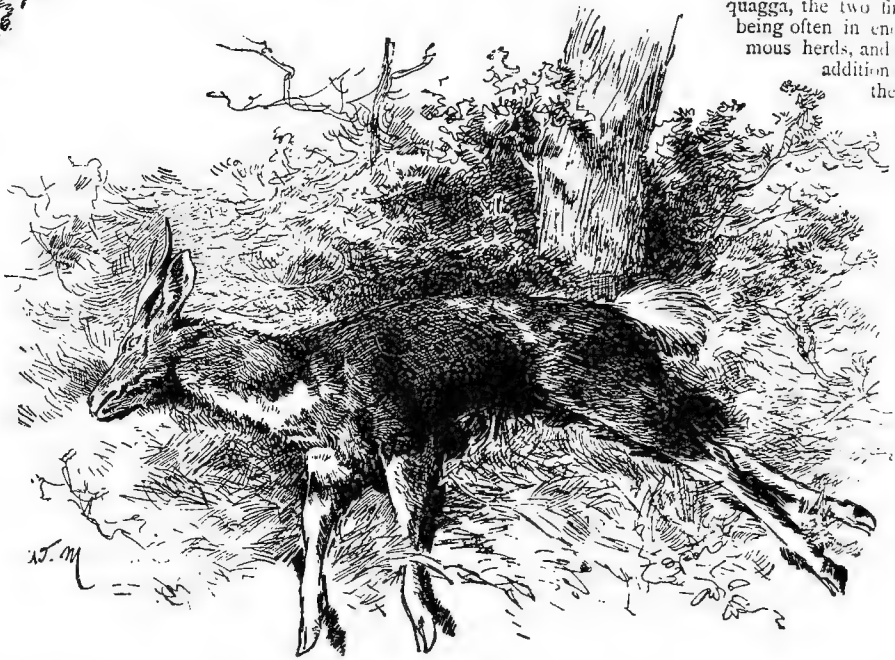
We got back to the homestead just as it was getting dark, and before long were doing justice to our host's substantial dinner. The meal concluded, we were smoking placidly round the fire, when some energetic individual suggested that we should go out *spring-haas* shooting. A bull's eye lantern was soon produced, and, anxious to see the *modus operandi*, which I had often heard described, I provided myself with a gun and started with a couple of our party for some fields close at hand which were honeycombed with the burrows of these little animals. The Cape jerboa, or spring-hare of the Dutch is, accurately speaking, not a jerboa at all, although of the closely allied genus *Helanys*.

To the unscientific, however, it is to all intents and purposes a jerboa, with its enormous and kangaroo-like development of the hind legs, and its short fore-paws. It is also possessed of the same habits, constructing long burrows in which it sleeps during the day, and only emerges at nightfall. On this account it cannot be killed in the daytime, except by means of dogs, a somewhat laborious process, and not nearly so successful as the method into which I was about to be initiated. Turning on the bull's eye, and holding it out at arms' length so as to keep well within its shadow, we walked silently across the field and swept the surface of the ground from side to side with the ray of light. After a minute or two I saw what appeared to be the light of another bull's-eye in the distance, though much fainter. My companion laid his hand on my arm, and whispered, "There you are; aim six inches below the light." I fired according to his instructions, and on walking up to the spot, there lay my jerboa, as dead as Queen Anne. The animals being attracted by the light, remain motionless, staring at it, and the fundus of the eye gets illuminated in the same manner as in shooting deer with a "flare."

I was glad to have seen the method of shooting these animals, as, in spite of the descriptions I had heard of it, I had hitherto, I must confess, been a little sceptical on the subject. One is not, even in South Africa, obliged to believe everything one hears. But it is a form of sport in which a little goes a very long way, and as we were tired with our day's exertions into the bargain, we returned after bagging three or four head. The farmers are, however, glad to kill as many as they can of them, for they are extremely destructive to the crops.

Next morning we were homeward bound, laden with the spoils of the chase, among which were the jerboas, afterwards destined to be made into one of the best pies I ever tasted. The old mare and the impenitent mule pulled themselves together, and we reached home safely the same night. I turned in shortly afterwards, and it was not long before bush-bucks, Kaffirs, "biggest" horns on record, and other minor incidents of my first buck-hunt, were mingled hopelessly together in the dim haze of Dreamland.

To the sportsman who is bound for the interior these pleasant little gatherings are the *hors d'œuvres*, as it were, of the feast awaiting him beyond the confines of civilisation. The fare, indeed, is perhaps hardly so plentiful as it was a quarter of a century ago, but still there is no lack of sport for those to whom time and money are affairs of no consideration. Recent events have probably rendered travelling in Dutch territory even less agreeable than it used to be previous to the Boer war, but in the vast plains of the Orange River Free State north of Bloemfontein, there is still good shooting to be had. The game here consists of spring-buck, blesbuck, black wildebeeste, and quagga, the two first being often in enormous herds, and in addition to these



THE BIG RAM

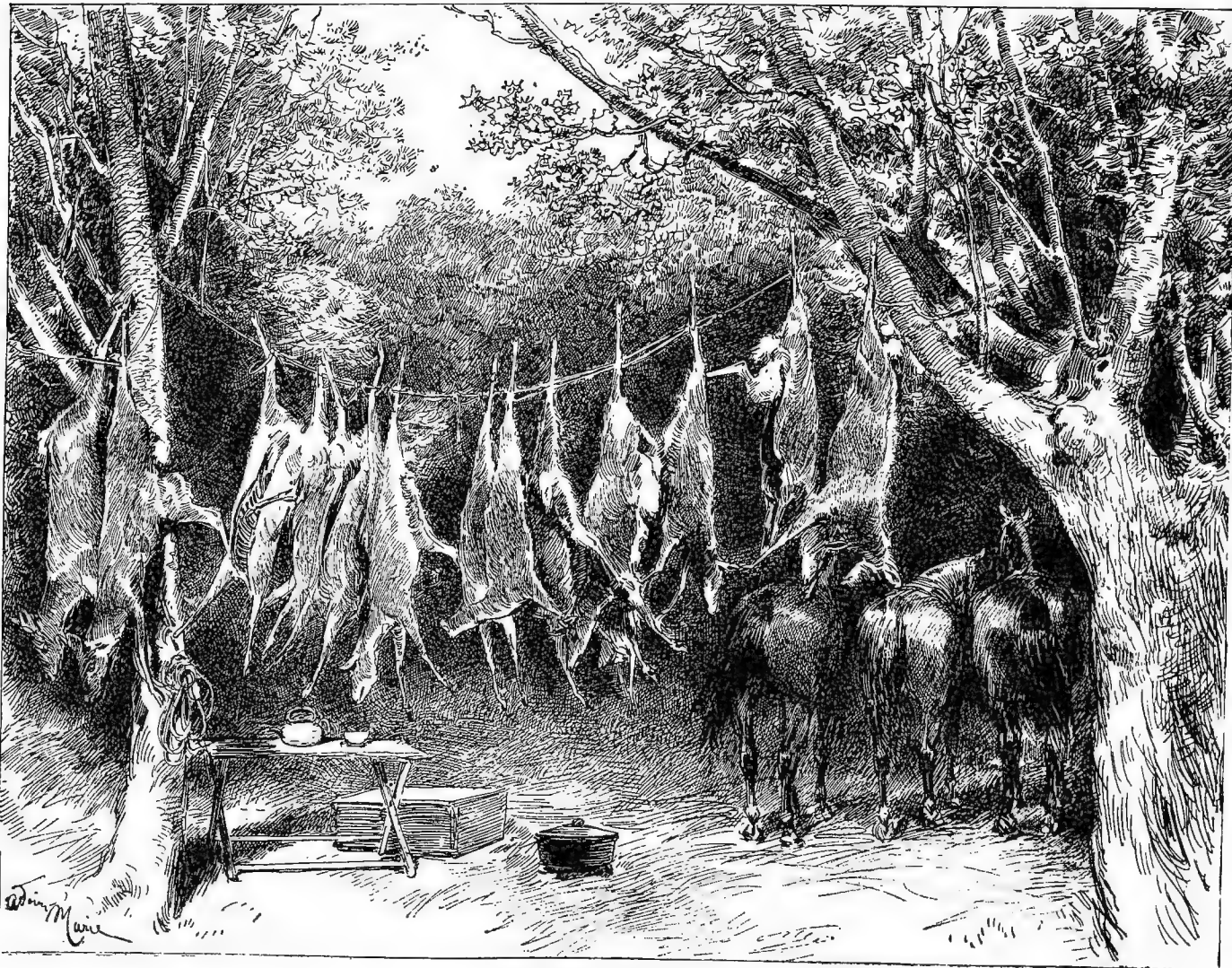
are several smaller kinds of antelope, such as the ourebi, klipspringer, and steenbok. Year by year, however, the game is steadily decreasing, and, if the sportsman is in search of more noble quarry, he will have to penetrate many a long day's trek further into the Dark Continent before meeting with the object of his desire. In the north-eastern corner of the Transvaal, and in the country

beyond the Limpopo River, the large game still exist, but the malarial fevers prevalent in these districts will of necessity have to be braved in pursuit of them. Yet such is the charm of the free life, and the peculiar fascination of the country, that few who have once experienced it do not long to return once more to the scenes of their old successes. Illness, difficulties with the natives, want of water, bad food, and the thousand and one annoyances and hardships of African travel are forgotten, and the memory only retains the happier incidents of the hunter's experiences. Once more we are back in the forest "taking up the spoor" of the wounded quarry; once more, with the sense of freedom that can only be felt in the boundless stretches of the prairie land of the interior, we are racing at full speed behind the dense herds of blesbuck or wildebeeste.

I have spoken of bad food, and may mention that there are probably few countries in the world where the cooking can be as atrociously bad as at the Cape. At the same time there are few in which one makes better dinners, from the simple fact that the plain meats are usually good, and that most *piquante* of all sauces—hunger—is generally present. The wise man will eschew *entrees* of all sorts, as constructed by "Jantje." I have occasionally tasted tolerable pepper-pot; but a South African curry, like the red-hot and prickly-heat-inducing concoction of English cooks, is a dish beneath contempt. I am not referring to the cookery of the large towns, where the half-caste Portuguese or "coolie" cooks will turn out as good a dinner as any one need wish to enjoy, but to that of up-country inns and out-stations. Those of my readers who have realised the full horror of a *fricadelle* will, I expect, bear out my statement.

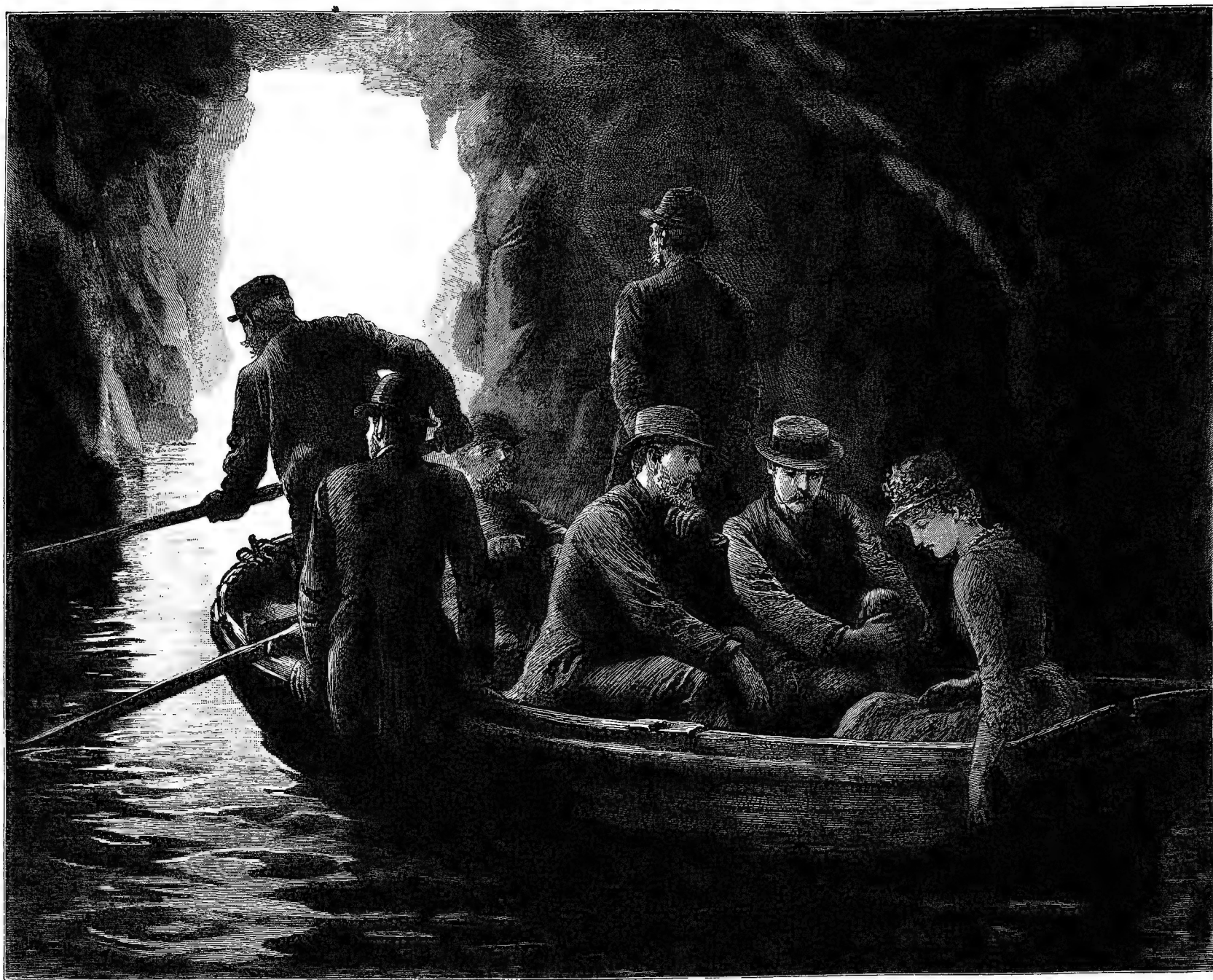
Some years have passed since I first visited Africa, and though I have since then travelled "mony a wearie mile" in many parts of the world, I do not think they have been productive of one half the pleasant memories that I bore away with me in the steamer from Cape Town. In the words of Captain Harris, I can truly say that "some of the happiest days of my existence have been passed in the wilds of Africa; they form a passage in my life which time can never efface from the tablet of my recollection—a green spot in memory's waste, to which, in after years, I shall always revert with intense and unabating pleasure." F. H. H. GUILLEMARD

Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. R. Harris, Donkin Street, Port Elizabeth.



OUR LARDER AND STABLE





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"The exit from the caves is made by water, and the slow moving oars impel the boat little by little towards daylight."

## FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

### CHAPTER XII.

MASKELYNE began to see rather more of O'Rourke than he actually desired to see, in spite of the undoubted warmth of his friendship for that most delightful of companions. Maskelyne had not visited Houfoi on purpose to spend his hours with any male friend whatsoever, no matter how charming he might be. He had accepted Major Butler's invitation with his eyes open, and he knew before he started upon his journey towards what goal he meant to direct his steps. He was in love with Angela, and he meant if he could to induce her to marry him. Apart from the fact that he had all a true American's chivalrous respect for women, and that he would not seem to minimise his regard for her by too abrupt a declaration, he was anxious that she should see more of him, that she should become accustomed to him, that she should learn whether or not he was the kind of man to whom she could entrust her destinies.

Now Farley seemed to have got beyond the tingling stage in respect to his new novel, and to have buckled steadfastly to work at it, and in these circumstances it was quite natural that O'Rourke should escort Lucy to Houfoi, when, according to promise already made, she went to call on Angela. On this second visit Major Butler made his new acquaintance completely welcome, and gave him hints as to the way in which it might be possible to satisfy that clamorous Irish people without damage to the landed interests. O'Rourke received these hints with an appreciation so obviously genuine, was so eager for the restoration of peace in his own country, so desirous for a purely friendly understanding between the English and the Irish parties, that the Major took him to his bosom. He protested repeatedly that O'Rourke was not at all the kind of fellow he had expected; that he was really a very reasonable fellow; that upon his word, so far as he could see, there was no great reason why a sort of experiment shouldn't be tried under proper restrictions, and that if all those Irish fellows were like this youngster, who, mind you, was as full of talent as an egg of meat, peace would soon return to their own distracted island.

At this triumph of O'Rourke's Maskelyne was unfeignedly delighted. He sympathised, as many, perhaps most, of his countrymen do, with the woes of Ireland, and in a general sort of way was disposed to think his friend had right on his side. But he would certainly much rather have seen O'Rourke less frequently.

The Major lent his young friend, who by this time was half his convert (to the Major's fancy), an angler's necessary equipment, and his young friend would drive over of a morning in a carriage hired from the hotel, and would go out fishing, and return to the château to luncheon, where his gay face, his perfect tact, delicacy, and sympathy, an apparently exhaustless stock of good-humour and mirthful narrative, made him an acquisition to the happiness of everybody but Maskelyne, who missed the old tête-à-têtes with Angela, and was tempted often to wish his delightful friend in China, or back at his arduous parliamentary duties.

It may seem a little odd, perhaps, that O'Rourke, with his so perfect tact, delicacy, and sympathy, could not perceive that Maskelyne did not want him. The young American did his loyal best to hide the fact, and it may have been that he succeeded. It may have been, on the other hand, that O'Rourke saw the truth, and did not choose to seem as if he saw it.

That little social slight for which Angela had sympathised with him was now quite wiped away and forgotten; and when the day came round for the proposed visit to the Grottoes it would have seemed an almost unnatural thing if he had not made one of the party. But five clear days had gone by since his chance meeting with Major Butler, and already he was as easy to wear as an old friend.

Maskelyne could not resist the temptation to watch him pretty closely in his intercourse with Angela, but he saw no signs of love-making. He was half tempted to make a confidant of O'Rourke, but, intimate and friendly as they were, he could not so far conquer his own delicacy. He himself was self-conscious in Angela's presence, was borne down by a constant memory of his own passion, was, therefore, a little shy, and always approached her with an inner sense of *gaucherie*, though outwardly he was cool and self-possessed enough. This handicapped him heavily against O'Rourke, who had not a trace of shyness, though he never for an instant, in his gayest moments, permitted himself to contradict that expression of homage with which Angela was growing familiar. The lover had occasional little sick twinges of fear, and contrasted himself with his friend to his own complete disadvantage. O'Rourke was a handsomer man than himself; he was brighter and quicker. And he had a career. There was Maskelyne's sorest point. He did nothing, and felt himself fit for nothing, whilst a life of leisured luxury seemed more and more distasteful and unworthy.

On the day appointed Maskelyne drove over for Farley and Lucy and O'Rourke, and carried them all away to the château, where half-a-dozen English friends of the Major's were already gathered, having come down from Brussels on the previous afternoon. The Major endured the introduction to the novelist, and was not immediately put under examination as to his own literary acquirements.

The party started gaily, Maskelyne, O'Rourke, Angela, and Lucy occupying the same carriage. The young American was very solemn to look at, and at heart a little tremulous, for he was beginning to find his uncertainties intolerable, and had determined to take advantage of the first opportunity he could find or make to declare himself to Angela. This was more precipitate than he had meant it to be, but his self-tormentings forced his hand.

"You must know," said O'Rourke, gaily, "that Farley, Mrs. Farley, and I have arranged to dine together to-morrow evening, and then to make the tour of the world. Major Butler has already consented to be one of the party. You, Maskelyne, are coming, *bon gré mal gré*, and perhaps the combined prayers of five may induce Miss Butler to grace the dinner and the journey."

"Are we to have but one dinner?" asked Angela.

"Only one," returned O'Rourke.

"Janette is very quiet," said Mrs. Farley, "and we find almost anything a dissipation there. We are going to see the stereoscopic views at the Town Hall. I am afraid it is not a very exciting spectacle, but it will be nice to dine together, and even the views will make an excuse. You will come?"

Yes, Angela would come with pleasure; and, of course, Maskelyne made his promise. But it was in his mind that he might not keep it. He had intended all along to save his declaration for the close of his stay at Houfoi, for there was always the risk, which he felt to be very considerable, of cutting the visit in two, and he was in no mind to be driven out of Paradise before his time. He felt comfortlessly that, between that morning and the following evening, he might meet with his refusal, and be compelled to have sudden business which would take him back to New York. But he was none the less resolved to have his suspense ended, and to know the best or the worst that could happen to him.

The Grottoes being reached, accident or design placed O'Rourke at Angela's side, and the young American gave up almost without a struggle. But whilst they waited for the guide at the mouth of the cave, and as Maskelyne was propping himself against the rocky wall



after a certain lounging way he had, the girl, who was gaily laughing and talking with O'Rourke, chanced for a single instant to encounter his glance, which was most infinitely mournful and hungry, and she blushed with sudden vividness. Then Maskelyne abused himself inwardly, declaring that he was a cad and a scoundrel to look at a lady in such a way as to make her uncomfortable, and lashing himself with the belief that, if she hated him, he deserved it.

Angela, who had to let fall a sunshade (for which O'Rourke instantly stooped) to hide her face for a moment, was very quiet and reserved for a minute or two, and Maskelyne told himself that he had spoiled her day, and made up an immediate mind to go back to his native land without a word. He even tried to think what a good fellow O'Rourke was, but he could no more get that into his emotions than he could have introduced a problem of Euclid into that region. It was indisputable that O'Rourke was a good fellow, but he could not warm his chilled heart at that reflection.

In a very little while, even before the arrival of the guide, he discovered that Angela's day was by no means spoiled. The despairing lover had never seen her so gay or so bewitching to his mind. Her ordinary mood was serious, and even earnest, but now she smiled delightfully, and her sweet face was alight with colour. Maskelyne, gloomily escorting Mrs. Farley into the bowels of the earth, could hear Angela's voice behind him with lightness of heart in every tone of it, and turning at a corner of the way down the rocky stairs he saw by a sideway glance that O'Rourke had given her his arm, and that her little gloved hand just rested on it. To despair in love is a bitter business, but the amazing thing to note is the smallness of the actual capital on which almost any young man is ready to open a connection in that line. This is not a story of who married who, and there a finish, and it may be permissible to say that Angela was not nearly so much annoyed by Maskelyne's glance as he supposed her to be. It is at first, no doubt, an embarrassing thing for the virgin heart to discern the actual hunger of love in a young man's eyes, but in a little while, a very little while, a girl becomes reconciled to the unaccustomed sense of having a young man in love with her, and rather likes it than otherwise.

But to Maskelyne's mind it was all over. O'Rourke had won, and he himself had lost. To tell the truth, he was not the only one of the party who had fallen into that opinion. O'Rourke himself was beginning to feel the ground solid beneath his feet, and was pretty certain that after a little while he had but to ask and have. Of course this idea involved some small treachery towards a friend to whom he had sworn eternal friendship, and to whom in many ways he was a good deal indebted. But then it was obvious to O'Rourke that Maskelyne had no such need to marry an heiress as he had, and apart from that consideration his friend had never given him the remotest hint that he was bent in Angela's direction, and in default of such a warning surely the coast was clear for anybody. And, since nobody likes to feel himself more of a scoundrel than he can help being in the necessary condition which makes a rascal of him, it was easy to fancy that after all Fraser had been talking mere random nonsense when he spoke of Maskelyne's pursuit of Angela. How should Fraser know? He was the very last man in the world whom Maskelyne was likely to take into his inmost confidence, and could only have heard the thing as a matter of village gossip. Now, here was O'Rourke, who for a week past, or nearly, had been right under Maskelyne's nose, engaged in the attempt to ingratiate himself with Major Butler's niece and ward, and nobody had given him the faintest hint that he was poaching on anybody else's manor. And the girl certainly seemed approachable enough. He did not know a great deal about girls, he had never been much in their society for the last ten years, but he thought he had tact, discernment, and common-sense humility enough to be sure when a girl liked him. Certainly Angela liked him.

The Grottoes presented many admirable opportunities for flirtation. There were corners in which it was quite dark enough to have placed an arm round the waist of a pretty girl who was not unwilling. It is not at all unlikely that amongst the crowds who visit these famous caverns in the summer season many fates are settled. The putting of an arm about a girl's waist may settle a human destiny—two or three human destinies, for that matter. The idea did occur to Angela's companion as a not unpleasant one, but he was wise enough to do nothing when he was not fairly certain of success.

Whatever doubts he may have professed to himself to entertain about Maskelyne's intentions or sentiments were altogether dissipated at Prosperine's Boudoir, when the party gathered together to admire that remarkable stalagmite, and the American's mournful eye met O'Rourke's point blank. But nobody is supposed to be able to read a glance, which might as well express the anguish occasioned by a disordered liver as the pangs of love despised, and O'Rourke smiled at his gloomy friend with a perfect aspect of unconsciousness. And just a little later a thing occurred which emboldened the gay and more dashing wooer.

There is a kind of Hall of Eblis, a banquetting hall for Night and Chaos in these caverns, where the vast roof is so far removed, and the great walls, that one seems to look into the void space of starless night, and the most searching gaze meets nothing solid, except the ground about the feet, and the near buttresses of rock illumined by the feeble lamps. This great hall gives the guide opportunity for a *tour de force*. He plants his visitors on the edge of a precipice of unrecognised depth, and bids them stay there without moving. Then, torch in hand, he starts by a tortuous unseen stairway to mount towards the roof. The gleaming torch flares and flickers here and there, the man who bears it being almost invisible in the shadows and the glare. He goes further and further, higher and higher, until one sees nothing but the waving flame, and at the extreme summit he lights a quantity of tow soaked in naphtha, which flames fiercely for a minute and then dies. The lighting of this baleful-looking fire is the signal for the general illumination of the hall, and a wild weird spectacle the whole thing certainly is when seen for the first time.

This over, and the lights extinguished, the guide, swinging his torch about his head, comes prancing down through the darkness, springing with the assured step of custom from rock to rock like a goat. It is more than sufficiently probable that a man will break his neck in the course of that exercise one of these days, but the thing looks greatly more hazardous than it is. There is not a nail in the man's boots which is not familiar with the way, though a slip here or there on the sounding rock would throw him to a death in the dark.

Standing by the side of the precipice, and watching the seemingly perilous ascent, Angela held O'Rourke's proffered arm. When the lights sprang up all round the limits of the vast chamber at the rising of the signal fire above her hand gripped the protecting arm somewhat tightly, but when the guide came charging down with his torch brandished about his head she experienced such a thrill of suspense and fear that every nerve in her body grew tense, and the fingers of the hand that touched O'Rourke tightened like four little fingers of steel.

O'Rourke had seen this particular exhibition before, and had thought casually then that it was a hazardous episode to occur in every day's work, and that if the man broke his neck it would make his contemplated article a good deal more piquant. He had not even that expectation to excite his spirits now, and he was a good deal more interested in his companion than in the guide or the wild spectacle the place offered. So when Angela's fingers tightened little by little on his arm, until at last, without being in the least conscious of it, she was pinching him with all her might, it occurred to O'Rourke that a young lady who permitted herself so much of a liberty was open to an easier approach than he had fancied Angela

to be. He would have passed over his own hand to hers and have answered that pressure, but for the fact that the lights and the eyes about him were a thought too numerous.

But later on he found his opportunity. The exit from the caves is made by water, and when the visitors are all embarked it is the practice of the conductors to extinguish the lights one by one, until the boat sails through Egyptian darkness. Then, as the slow moving oars impel it little by little towards daylight, the faintest moonbeam tint touches here and there the surface of the rock, broadens and lightens slowly until full moonlight glows, and then at a sweep, more glorious than one can fancy it, the sudden daylight dazzles on the eyes, and softens to a very fairyland of cavern, and shining waters, and tender greenery.

It was at the very densest of the darkness that the cunning O'Rourke saw and seized his chance. Angela sat near the stern of the boat in the centre of the broad-planked seat alone. Maskelyne and O'Rourke sat side by side facing her, and as the last lamp went out O'Rourke made sure of the position of the girl's hand. In the dark he seized it and kissed it. The owner of the hand not merely allowed this, but he could have sworn that the fingers were pressed, though ever so faintly, on his own as he surrendered them. His heart gave a great leap of triumph. No more debts, no more duns, no more sweating at the ignoble round of daily press work. He could bend all his energies to play for fame, and he knew that he could win. That faint and almost imperceptible pressure of the little gloved hand meant so much to him. Fame and fortune.

It had been pretty easily won, he thought, or at least pretty quickly. Then he thought of Maskelyne. Well, Maskelyne could never say he had not played fair. There had been no attempt to warn him off the ground, and of course, the merest signal in the world would have been enough for him. Maskelyne in an affair of that sort must take his chance like other people.

When the light was reached, and the party had disembarked, it was noticeable that a clearer colour than ever was on Angela's cheek, and that her eyes were bashful. Oddly enough to O'Rourke's fancy, she lingered by Maskelyne, but Maskelyne dropped one or two languid words about the beauty and curiosity of the caverns, and then went silent; and when O'Rourke came assuredly to her escort she accepted it, though with a look at the American which the successful wooer could not understand.

(To be continued)



FOR September, the last of our holiday months, it is most difficult to provide, as although in the middle of the day the sun is very powerful, the morning and evening are often very chilly, hence it is safest to make the chief of our garments of woollen materials, whether for walking tours seaside, mountainside, or what is usually termed a Continental tour.

First for the walking tour. It is well to have a costume of fine flannel, linsey, or serge in self colour or dark blue made by a tailor, well fitting, but not too tight, clearing the ground by four or five inches, the skirt made with fine killings, a short jacket quite plain, or with braid put on flat; a braided jacket is a mistake for walking along dusty roads, as it requires a vast amount of patience to brush the dust out when the day is over, and the tired pedestrian is longing for rest; the more plain the costume the better. It is a good plan to have the jacket made double-breasted, with a white or coloured waistcoat under it, so that when evening comes on it may be buttoned up to the throat; for those who can bear the warmth a velvet collar, either in the form of a close fitting band or a square sailor-shape, looks very stylish; two or more pockets placed in the lower part of the skirt will be found very useful; they should be made flat. Our readers will be surprised to find how many useful things may be stowed away in these pockets, by means of which the weight of the knapsack will be materially decreased. Well-fitting boots or shoes form the most important items of a walking tourist's attire. The former are preferable to the latter, as they not only support the ankles, but protect them from thorns and damp; when shoes are worn they should be accompanied by Scotch gaiters, with a strap under the foot, and buttoned up each side. When a long walk is anticipated it is well to soap the inside of the stockings; this will, as a rule, prevent blisters. Although thin boots are not desirable, they should not be too thick or heavy; a pair of cork soles will be light and waterproof; a pair of slippers and stockings should always be carried in readiness for a halt, as whilst the circulation is kept up damp boots will do no harm; it is when the wearers sit down to rest and do not change them that the mischief is done. Equal in importance for comfort sake is the hat, which when of felt should be made to measure, as no two heads are alike in formation. A writer on sanitary clothing recently gave some useful advice as to the lining and ventilating of hats; after observing that keeping the head hot destroys the hair and produces premature baldness, she said, "All hats should be properly ventilated; if you cannot blow through their structure small holes should be pierced or eyelets inserted; leather, oil cloth, and other impermeable head linings should never be worn, as they are very hot to the head; excellent head linings may be made of flannel, cashmere, or even of sarsenet with a coarse serge at the back. Head linings should be invariably white or self-colour, as dyed stuffs are especially liable to be dangerous, being readily acted on by the perspiration of the forehead." Unquestionably the soft tennis hats with brims and crowns that will mould into any form are very comfortable, but they are so singularly unbecoming that only very strong-minded men and women will wear them. A soft blue or grey gauze veil forms a sufficient shade for eyes that are not weak or disordered.—Three costumes were recently made for some lady tourists to the English lakes. One was for half-mourning of lead-coloured fine serge, the round skirt was gathered into a black velvet pointed band, above the plain hem were five graduated bands of black velvet; the grey jacket was tight-fitting at the back, cut away in front to show a black velvet waistcoat; grey felt hat with a band of black velvet and grey gauze veil. Another was of dark brown serge, with a finely killed skirt, double-breasted jacket over a buff cloth waistcoat, cuffs and collar, brown cloth Leonardo da Vinci hat; buff leather gloves and gaiters. The third was a dark blue serge skirt, with wide treble pleats alternating with groups of six narrow pleats; *tablier* turned up at the left side lined with red Indian silk; red silk cuffs, collar, and waistcoat; blue felt hat, red silk handkerchief round the crown tied in a bow in front. *Apropos* of hats, young girls and children wear Leghorn wide-brimmed hats either trimmed with lace and ribbon bows, or black velvet and field-flowers.

For the seaside zephyr cloth or linen may be worn throughout this month, as for a chilly day a cloth outdoor jacket may be worn in plain and fancy combinations; spots and stripes are still fashionable. Canvas, plain and embroidered, has lost none of its favour, and is certainly a very pretty material. A very stylish costume was made for a tennis party; it was of buff canvas, with a narrow brown and gold stripe; half-way up the skirt, from the plain hem, was a handsome embroidered design of brown ivy, touched up with gold thread; a pointed *tablier* of brown canvas cloth had a full bib from the throat; only very slight figures should

attempt to wear these full bibs. Foulard is a very useful material for this month, as it is light, and not too thin. With a plain skirt and gathered bodice of foulard, a velvet band and a very stylish shoulder species of corselet is worn, finished off in a point on the chest, square at the back. Pleasing combinations are, blue-grey foulards with wine-coloured chenille spots; and the same rich tinted velvet corselet—biscuit and brown foulard with blue spots and velvet to match. Embroidery is profusely used for trimming costumes of shot linen, which, being highly glazed, has the effect of satin. Very full drapery from the left side of the waist is carried across the front of the skirt and caught up on the right hip; often a lining of a contrasting colour is shown; very wide soft-silk sashes are worn either tied at the left side, in front, or at the back, *à volonté*. Our old friend barège is again to the fore, it is serviceable for morning or evening wear, and is now made in all the new colours and subtle shades; as this material is somewhat stiff and does not fall sofly, the bodice should be made principally of silk and lace, with a Figaro jacket of velvet.

There is nothing very new in bathing costumes excepting those which are hand knitted in fine Scotch yarn, for many purposes this wool is very durable, but we doubt much if it would not shrink when so constantly kept wet in salt water. In our opinion there is nothing to equal a good strong serge of dark blue touched up with red or cream.

When starting on a Continental tour it should be borne in mind that a very small amount of luggage is allowed, and every extra package is heavily charged for, hence if only going for simple enjoyment two dresses are quite sufficient for three or four weeks' tour. With a well-fitting tailor-made cloth costume of the rich shade of prune now so much in vogue, may be worn an adjustable waistcoat, fastened on each side with gold mess buttons to match the dress; six waistcoats may be taken to make a variety—No. 1, of prune-coloured velvet; No. 2, of white Marsella; No. 3, of pink brocaded satin, with a lace *jacket*; No. 4, of cream satin, gathered at the throat and waist; No. 5, pale blue velvet; No. 6, a combination of lace and gold embroidery. For each of these waistcoats should be cuffs or ruffles to match. A soft felt or velvet hat should be worn. But how are we to carry all these waistcoats, will be asked? In a strong but light wooden handbox, covered with *toile cirée*, the waistcoats will be quite safe at the bottom, and on the top, in a sort of cradle frame, will be a dainty bonnet of lace, cream or black, or both combined, trimmed with ribbon and flowers. The bonnet-box serves as a stool for the feet, the only other luggage being a low long box which will go under the seat of the railway carriage; the reserve dress should be of black lace flounces, over satin with ribbons and floral trimmings of any chosen colour.

If travelling in civilised countries only one change of linen is needful, as washing is done and returned in a few hours at all the best hotels. We advise our readers to try this scanty wardrobe, and feel sure that they will enjoy their trip all the more for being free of cumbersome trunks and heavy *impedimenta*.



CRITICISM is of all forms of expression that which demands the widest experience and the greatest knowledge. Yet criticism is usually the first work of the beginner in literature. We cannot think that Mr. Arthur Galton is anything but a young man; yet in "Urbana Scripta" (Elliot Stock) he has undertaken a task which might have been wisely left to the end of his literary career. Neither Matthew Arnold nor Professor Dowden could hope entirely to succeed in criticising the work of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. William Morris. But this is what Mr. Arthur Galton has tried; and he has added an essay on "English Poetry in 1885," and some notes on certain plays of Shakespeare, on the late Mark Pattison, and on Horace Walpole. The excuse for such work as this when coming from a young writer is, of course, either that he has new views, or that, if he says the old things, he says them in a new way. Mr. Augustine Birrell is a young man, and was unknown till he published "Obiter Dicta"; but the freshness, insight, and the good style of the book at once gave him a place among contemporary writers. Similarly Mr. Mallock at once made himself notorious by the "New Republic." But Mr. Arthur Galton can hope for no such success. His book is, indeed, meritorious. It shows care and study. He has read the books he writes about, and has probably read what other men have said about them. But he says only the old things, and does not say them too well. The book, therefore, is not for the student, though it would doubtless interest a beginner in the study of contemporary poetry.

"The Life and Times of Colonel Fred Burnaby" (Field and Tuer), by J. Redding Ware and R. K. Mann, is an ordinary piece of book-making. It is interesting, certainly. No book about such a man as Burnaby could be entirely dull; and as the compilers have quoted freely from the late Colonel's own works, they have produced a volume which may be read. Their connecting narrative, however, is irritatingly weak; and if any standard in biography is to be maintained, such hurried compilation as this must be plainly condemned. It is to be hoped that Mr. H. W. Lucy's promised volume will be more worthy of the dead hero.

All popular books must appear nowadays in an *édition de luxe*. "Called Back" is one of the last to follow the rule. It is on good paper, and is strongly bound, with gilt edges. Mr. Fred Barnard has drawn six good illustrations, and there is a brief biography of the late Mr. Fergus. Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, is the publisher.

Just when the interest caused by the publication in English of the "Memoirs of Caroline Bauer" is passing away, there comes the publication of another version of the memoirs of this romantic person to give a fresh fillip to the public interest. We cannot think, however, that the new version will rouse more than the faintest interest. The book is called "Caroline Bauer and the Coburgs" (Vizetelly and Co.), and it is translated by Charles Nisbet from "Nachgelassene Memoiren Von Karoline Bauer." How far this edition differs from that already published in England it is scarcely necessary to examine. The translator claims that "this version of Caroline Bauer's Memoirs contains all the matter in the three volumes of the original work having relation to important personages in England, and likely to prove interesting to the English reader of the present day." He maintains the falseness of the statement that the Memoirs were simply a "literary hoax," and decides, chiefly from internal evidence, that they were the work of the fair Caroline herself. Whoever may be the author, it must be agreed that the book is far from elevating. Caroline Bauer herself—if she is really the author of the Memoirs—must have been a person of intelligence, and doubtless of fascination; but there is nothing in her book to excite the least sympathy on the part of the reader. She adopts a tone of candour and modesty; but it is difficult not to feel that behind this there is a kind of exultation at the prominent part she played in the lives of persons whose names are widely known. The authoress does not spare those of whom she writes, and the large class of persons who like to read of "Scandals in High Life" will be interested, but scarcely edified, by a perusal of the volume.

Captain Ian Hamilton is to be thanked for his excellent little book, "The Fighting of the Future" (Kegan Paul and Co.). It is



full of thought, and much that suggests thought; and though there is something to be said against the extremeness of his views, no one who knows anything about real fighting will contradict his main thesis: that in the armies of the future drill must be largely sacrificed to shooting. Captain Hamilton would have the soldier taught only the simplest movements, such as marching and wheeling in line and column, forming fours and square, skirmishing, attack, and outpost. Now the soldier spends 355 days of the year in drill and ten in shooting. This distribution of time Captain Hamilton would reverse. In condemnation of the present system he gives the case of a regiment which was considered the best shooting corps in India. It was engaged in the Afghan War, and fought at Candahar in September, 1880. Thence it was sent to Bengal, and in January, 1881, while on the point of embarking for England, it was sent to South Africa to fight the Boers at Majuba Hill. Between the battle of Candahar and the battle of Majuba Hill these soldiers had positively never fired their rifles, and they were then called upon to face the best shots in the world. Seeing the great part played by rifle fire in all modern actions, and that it is by fire at 300 yards that all great modern battles have been decided, the system which does so little as this for the soldier is obviously condemned. Captain Hamilton has done a service in putting the facts so pungently. Let us hope that his excellent little book may have due consideration at headquarters.

Written with care and knowledge, and with an absence of all pretence, Mr. Edmund Noble's "The Russian Revolt: Its Causes, Conditions, and Prospects" (Longmans), deserves careful study. Parts of the subject have been fully dealt with by Mr. Mackenzie Wallace; "Stepniak" has shed much light on other phases. But for such a book as this Mr. Noble's there is still room. It traces the rise of the revolutionary movement in Russia for many years back, dealing with the character of the people as affected by their environment, the domestic slavery, the religious protest, the enlightenment which came from the West, and then passing to a brief review of the revolutionary movement in its contemporary aspect. Perhaps the most interesting passages of the book are those in which the author considers the probable effect upon the future of the Russian Empire of the triumph of the popular cause over Absolutism. His point of view is easily gathered from this definition of the Russian revolt: "A tacit alliance of interest between the Russian people and the nations of Europe against a principle and method of government hostile to the common weal. It is the protest of eighty millions of people against their continued employment as a barrier in the path of peaceful human progress and national development." There is here an obvious exaggeration; for there is no evidence to show that the great mass of the Russians—the eighty millions—are so deeply discontented as to be ready to throw off the Imperial yoke. Granting, however, for the sake of argument that the cause of the Nihilists is now, or shortly will be, the cause of the people, then it is interesting to note Mr. Noble's opinion as to the effect of a popular triumph. This would be to break up the present absolute government, to scatter the people into peaceful federations, "drawing from recovered popular rights the means of a prosperous internal development, devoting themselves thenceforward to a policy of concession at home and non-interference abroad." With the triumph of the popular cause there comes, therefore, according to Mr. Noble, an end to the standing menace of Russia's aggression.

"A Canterbury Pilgrimage," by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (Seeley and Co.), is one of the prettiest illustrated books which has been published for some time. It describes how the two authors rode down to Canterbury on a tandem tricycle, starting from the Tabard in the Borough, and following the route of the old pilgrims. Their adventures were few; but in the true spirit of romance they detect interest and character in the commonest affairs. They arrived safely at Canterbury and visited the famous shrine, as so many pilgrims had before them. We gather that Mrs. Pennell has written the letter-press, and that Mr. Pennell has done the drawings. The latter are excellent. Most of them are mere notes of effect; but some are studies. They are reproduced by some "process" which, unlike most "processes," retains the grace and feeling of the originals. A curious effect is maintained all through the volume by the introduction at unexpected moments of tail-pieces, and other deft little drawings, depicting Chaucer's folk and other old-world persons riding to Canterbury. Thus is maintained a suggestive blending of the old and the new.

Mr. Sydney Yorke is not to be congratulated on his book, "The Ways of Women" (J. and R. Maxwell). We take it that Mr. Yorke (if that be the author's real name) is a young and cynical man who thinks that he knows all about the creature "woman," that he can pluck out the heart of her mystery, and show her in all her phases by the aid of a few epigrammatic sentences. Mr. Yorke is so obviously pleased with himself and his book that it is a pity to have to tell him that it is really but sorry stuff; and that even a cynical young man has no right to produce a dull book of this kind. All that is true in it has been infinitely better said in prose and verse by hundreds of writers before Mr. Yorke.

"Patroclus and Penelope" (Edinburgh: David Douglas) is not, as its title might seem to imply, a discourse on classical personages, but it is a very learned and charming book about horses by Theodore A. Dodge, late of the United States Army. Patroclus and Penelope (familiarily known as "Pat" and "Pen") are two horses belonging to Mr. Dodge, and these animals he is inclined to think are finer creatures than any horses yet foaled, or to be foaled. The second title to his book—"A Chat in the Saddle"—defines its scope and purpose. It is exactly that: a chat from horseback about horseflesh by one who is an enthusiastic horseman, and who has a wide knowledge of the conditions of horsemanship in many climes. The book is freely illustrated by instantaneous photographs of Patroclus walking, trotting, cantering, flying a hurdle, taking off at water, and so on; and on page 61 there are some remarks on instantaneous photographs of horses which will be read with interest by all those who have seen Mr. Muybridge's remarkable photographs of horses' action. Into the technical points which Mr. Dodge raises we do not follow him. Discussions of that sort must be left to experts. But we may well recommend his book as a very delightful one to all who care at all for horses.

Among the new guide-books which the tourist season always brings out may be mentioned the following:—A new edition of "Paris-Diamant," by P. Joanne (Hachette et Cie.). This is a well known French guide to Paris, and it is unsurpassed for its compact arrangement and the excellence of its plans.—"The Official Guide to the London and North Western Railway" (Cassell and Co.) is a type of the new class of guides now issued by the railway companies to compete with the ordinary local guide-books. This book has many illustrations of the more picturesque places on the railway, with descriptive letterpress.—Messrs. Adam and Charles Black of Edinburgh send us "North France," "South France," and the "South of France, East Half." All these books are of convenient size, are excellently printed, and contain numerous good plans. The letterpress is a compromise between the old and new guide-book. All necessary information is given in plain language; but the introduction of an occasional legend or piece of descriptive writing is not forbidden.—Mr. William Paterson of Edinburgh sends us an excellent book on "The United Kingdom." Printed in double columns, and containing many plans of towns and railway routes, this guide manages to compress within quite moderate compass tolerably full information concerning every important place in the British Isles, so that a foreigner or an American coming to England and following the routes here laid down might be sure that he had missed nothing of importance; and that he had economised time as

much as possible. The book is a model of compact arrangement.—Mr. Edward Stanford sends us a thorough guide to the beautiful town of Siena; and Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. send us a copy of the third edition of Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce's "Handbook to the Roman Wall," illustrated with a fine series of etchings and wood-engravings, and containing all that is possible to discover concerning the great work.

"Greater London" is one of those important and instructive books which Messrs. Cassell and Co. produce in such large numbers. The second volume of this industriously compiled work deals with places south of the Thames, beginning at Woolwich and ranging to Mitcham and Tooting by way of Erith, the Crays, Chislehurst, Beckenham, Addington, Croydon, Wallington, Sutton, Cheam, Ewell, Epsom, Kingston, Richmond, Kew, Mortlake, Wimbledon, and Merton. From this list are omitted many of the places to which Mr. Edward Walford has devoted chapters. It is therefore evident that a vast amount of history, archaeology, biography, and topography has been packed into the 540 pages which the volume contains. On every page are curious bits of information, of which perhaps no persons are more ignorant than the average Londoner. There could be few pleasanter ways of spending summer days than by tracing out the historic houses, parks, and inns which Mr. Walford describes. A great number of illustrations enrich the volume. These are of differing merit; but some of the wood-engravings are excellent specimens of their class.

## CAMP AND ROAD LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

"ROUGHING IT" has peculiar charms, undoubtedly, for some people; but there are many men whose natures are such that they fail altogether to appreciate the subtle aroma of an African dust storm, or the refreshing coolness of a month's tropical rain. Like Peter Bell they learn nothing from Nature's displays. A long-tailed scorpion crawling in a tent is a long-tailed scorpion, and it is "nothing more." Like the Mahdi, it has to be "smashed" without delay. Its wonderful construction and interesting points are lost on the man who is "roughing it" without the soul of a naturalist. Then, again, the discovery of a fine puff-adder has no charms for the trooper who finds it under the blankets of his own bed, unless he has been looking forward to such incidents as necessary to give him a proper experience of what "roughing it" really means. One of the troopers of Methuen's Horse found a splendid puff-adder in his tent. With the most friendly intentions the snake was attempting to nestle its head by the man's cheek as he lay on his blanket, but its confidence was misplaced; before it had time to resent an unceremonious reception, its life paid the penalty of a foolish attempt to show sympathy with the Bechuanaland Expedition. The trooper, of course, has a tale to tell now of a marvellous escape from death; and the narration of the adventure will afford him that pleasure which men seem to experience in recalling events which put them in a terrible fright when they occurred.

Although it has not fallen to the lot of every member of Sir Charles Warren's force to have been stung by a scorpion or caressed by a friendly puff-adder, all without exception have had to rough it, and go through very unpleasant experiences. Some troops had the misfortune to begin their dust-swallowing at the Orange River Terminus, but most of the men, as soon as they left the train, went out to Langford Camp. This camp, so dear to the memory of all who were stationed there, had a most picturesque situation. Far removed from the busy haunts of men, it overlooked the placid waters of the winding Orange River. All along the banks, below where the Camp was situated, grew willows, mimosa trees, shrubs of various kinds, and numerous plants which added to the luxuriance of the foliage. It looked a perfect place for a camp. The ground about the tents was covered with brushwood and small trees, which were, however, large enough to enable the men to construct leafy shelters from the sun. Some were made over the spots where the sentries were posted; some over the kitchens; and other larger bowers were made to serve the purpose of mess tents for the officers. The Royal Scots had the best "drawing-room," as they called it, but the most picturesque view was to be got from the camp of the Pioneers. Their ground was close to the river, where the bank was about forty feet above the level of the water. Looking down from this spot just before sunset the Pioneers had a very pretty and animated scene before them. The brilliant glow of the sky behind the veldt on the other side of the river was reflected in the water. Troops of horses in mid-stream were having their evening drink. Further out in deeper water swimmers were enjoying themselves after the work and heat of the day. Other soldiers might be seen wading about in the shallow water, while along the bank numbers of men and native servants were busily engaged in washing both themselves and their clothes. Any one standing on the high bank of the Orange River and looking at such a summer's evening scene would have thought Langford a charming spot for a camp. So it would have been but for two things, the sand and the wind. South Africa appears to be cursed—or blessed—with perpetual breezes and currents of wind of different degrees of strength and eccentricity. The wind that makes it unsafe for people who value their eyesight to walk about Cape Town is called "the Cape Doctor," so it may have been a good thing for the troops out here to have been favoured with the almost daily visits of this unpaid physician. But they made Langford Camp a perfect Inferno. It was necessary, of course, to place the troops out of reach of the drink stores at Orange River Terminus and Hope Town, and Langford Farm was, unfortunately, the only site that could be got. The sand was ankle-deep, in some parts almost knee-deep, and as fine as emery powder. With men, horses, and waggons moving about the camp, it is easy to imagine what the consequences were when the wind began to blow. Eyes, nostrils, and mouth had their share of Langford Camp daily; clothes, rugs, and blankets were thoroughly impregnated with the sand; and it was useless to attempt to keep either hands or faces clean. Every watch that could not shut out the penetrating dust stopped, much to the disgust of those who had come out without keyless and dust-proof watches.

During the stay of the troops at Langford the wind blew every day, but the monotony of the "common or garden wind" was relieved by the constant appearance of a "devil" gyrating through the camp. Now the South African "devil" must be seen and felt to be properly appreciated. Briefly, it is a mass of sand or dust raised in the air and carried over the ground by a whirlwind. From small beginnings the column of sand increases in bulk and height as it moves along collecting materials. If a "devil" starts on a favourable track, it soon assumes a very imposing appearance, which is observed with particular interest by the men whose tents evidently lie in its course. To watch, at a safe distance, the progress of a large "devil," is one thing; to see it making straight for your tent is quite another matter. Far away, the dust column rising up into the sky and tapering away like the tail of a huge snake, looks a curious phenomenon; close at hand in a camp, the black whirling mass, as it comes on with its peculiar sound, is an abominable nuisance. If a large "devil" catches a tent before its strength begins to die away, it is capable of picking it up, tent-pegs and all, and carrying it some distance. Such small articles as blankets, rugs, and clothes go as a matter of course, and are only recovered after a chase. Langford and Barkly Camps were both visited much too frequently by these most objectionable dust storms, and they were also encountered on the road. At Nell's Farm, a watering place on the road to Barkly, they were very troublesome when the troops

were leaving Langford. On one occasion the staff officer stationed there was the sufferer. The day was unusually hot; not a cloud was to be seen; and, as usual in hot weather, his tent was open and tucked up round the bottom. A number of official documents were on the table, other papers and letters were lying on the bed, and a file of telegrams were hanging on the tent pole. About the middle of the day, during the absence of the owner, a large "devil" got up, went across the camping ground, and made straight for the tent. The tent remained standing, but the "devil" had triumphantly cleared out all the papers, including the file of telegrams, and there they were literally going "over the hills and far away." Their owner saw the catastrophe just in time to hurry after the whirlwind and recover some of the papers that fortunately fell to the ground. Several of Methuen's troopers who happened to be on the spot went away up the hill after the others, which were disappearing rapidly. Some of these papers were never recovered. From Langford to Barkly the route selected was not the Kimberley road, but another passing by fewer drink stores. Precautions have been taken, with excellent results, to prevent the men of this expedition injuring themselves by swallowing "Cape smoke," and other vile spirits, such as are found in South African stores. Sir Charles Warren wisely determined that no drink should be allowed in camp, except the rum issued by the commissariat. But in spite of all precautions a few men managed to get drunk at Barkly, on the road, and at Vrijburg. It is needless to say that they were severely punished. One of these troublesome fellows so disgraced himself in Barkly that he was expelled from his regiment. He was one of Methuen's Horse, and before his drunken bout in Barkly had become known as a thoroughly bad character in his troop. So one morning the whole regiment was paraded, and a hollow square formed. The prisoner was marched into the centre, and formally dismissed by Colonel Methuen as a bad character.

At some of the "outspans" on the way up country there were drink stores, of course, but sentries were always placed before their doors as soon as the troops arrived. At Taungs the storekeepers disregarded the general's orders about selling drink, so their stores were taken from them and buried in camp. Thus the difficulty was settled in a simple and practical manner. After all, there is nothing like "martial law" for the disobedient.

"Trekking" with mules or oxen on a road in South Africa is not the most pleasant kind of travelling. As far as Barkly mules were used to bring the great waggons up country, but from Barkly on to Taungs, Vrijburg, and Mafeking, oxen had to be employed. The ox is an animal of simple tastes compared with the mule. Forage must be carried for the latter, but the span of oxen can be turned out into the veldt and left to feed themselves. For pace there is no comparison of course. The rate at which sixteen oxen draw a loaded waggon is about two miles per hour. If the roads are fairly good they may go a little faster. Then there is another decided drawback to the oxen. They cannot travel when the sun is up or when the rain is falling; so in going on from Barkly most of the "trekking" had to be done between sunset and sunrise. Thus the camping ground for the night was always reached in the dark. Now outspanning oxen, picketing horses, cooking supper, and making a bed on the ground are operations which can be done better by daylight than by the dim glimmer of a single candle in a tin lantern. Then, after turning in late, it is not pleasant to be roused from sleep about 1.30 or 2 o'clock A.M., by the bugle sounding *reveille*. This means a long ride in the dark, which, at the pace oxen move, is not exhilarating. When the troops were moving to the front, the sun during the greater part of the day was quite hot enough to make every one glad to get any shelter. As trees in this part of Africa are not available, the only shelter to be got during a "trek" is the waggon. So there was nothing to be done at the mid-day halting-place but lie under a waggon and sleep. There is no scenery to admire; nothing of interest to look at; no change even in the horrible monotony of the veldt, so that roughing it on the road to Taungs, Vrijburg, Mafeking, and other places of fame is as dull a way of spending time as could be imagined.

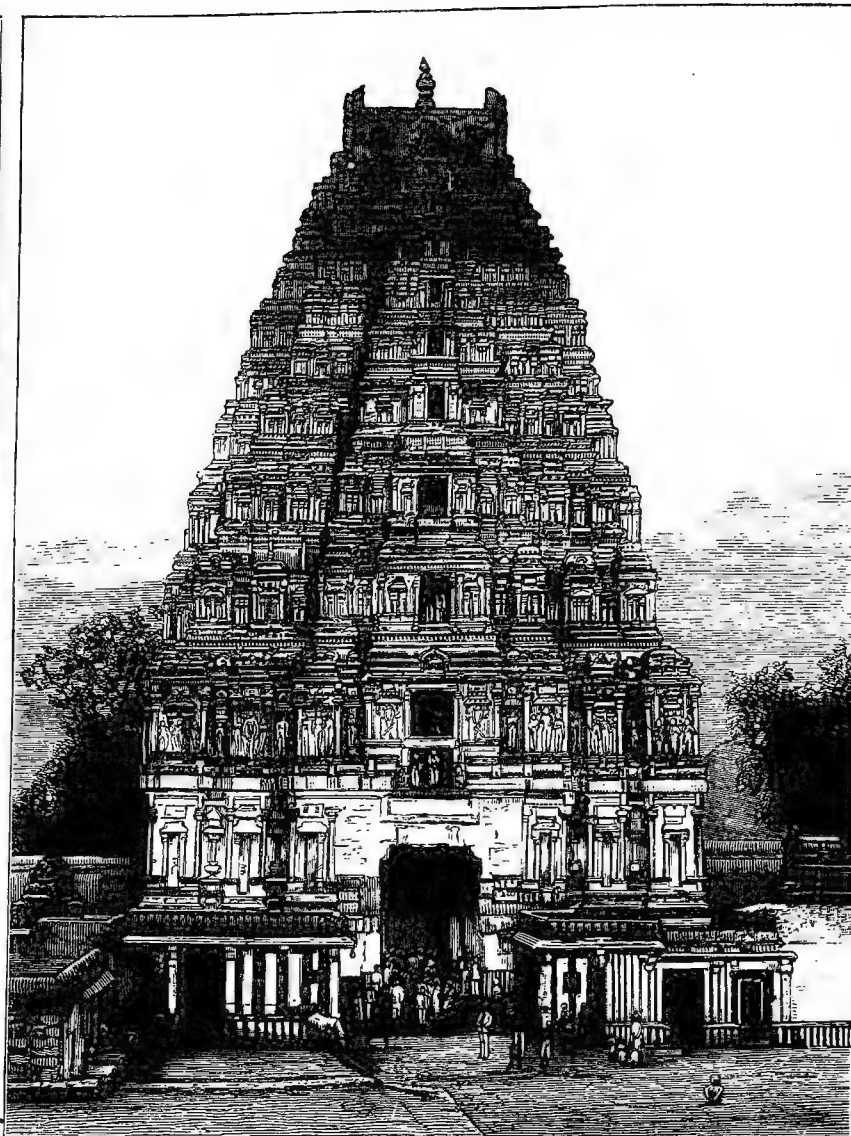
By the time some of "Methuen's Mashers" (as the *Cape Argus* calls them) reached Vrijburg they began to have serious doubts whether life was worth living under their altered circumstances. These amateur soldiers have lived chiefly on jam during their military career. Every one who has had any experience of campaigning speaks in high praise of the rations served out to the Bechuanaland force; but they are not good enough for the amateur troopers, who have proved splendid customers at the canteens and stores. They have lived in grand style on condensed milk, jam, and potted meats. One trooper acknowledged that in less than three months he had spent 45% at the stores! Another unfortunate complained to his colonel that he could not live on his pay in these South African deserts. As his pay is five shillings a day, and as he has nothing in the way of lodging or tailors' bills—as he has in fact, no expenditure whatever that may be termed necessary, it is painfully evident that "Methuen's Mashers" have good cause for complaint. The rations are good, and have been ever since the troops went under canvas. Men accustomed to roughing it have been able to live without laying in stores of jam and other comestibles, but proper preparations were not made by the Commissariat Department for the wants of the 1st Mounted Rifles. A staff of cooks should have been engaged; mess tents provided with tables and table-cloths, and special rations issued, including wine and dessert for dinner. Then there could have been no grumbling, and no need of this ruinous expenditure at the stores. There was some talk of Methuen's Horse going to Egypt. Should their services be required "elsewhere" (to use Mr. Gladstone's pregnant word), a thorough weeding out will take place before they leave South Africa. The grumblers, the mashers, the jam-eaters, and others who have proved themselves to be utterly useless, will be allowed to go home.

It was generally supposed that every man who was selected for Methuen's Horse knew how to ride and use a rifle; but when the trial came it was found that many of the volunteers knew nothing whatever about riding or shooting. Consequently there have been some curious stories in circulation about them. At Langford a trooper, who in London said he could ride well, anxiously asked a comrade the following startling question: "Which is the right side to mount a horse?" Ordinary observation might have prevented such ignorance, but another trooper showed himself still more ignorant. He went to saddle his horse for the first time, and completed the operation to his own satisfaction. But before he had an opportunity of mounting an officer of his troop came up and said: "Why don't you saddle your horse?" "It is saddled," replied the accomplished horseman, "but those things are too short." "Those things" were lying on the ground, and were the girths! "If you flip that up," said the officer, pointing to the saddle flap, "you may find a buckle or two." Then for the first time in his life the would-be trooper learned how a saddle was secured on a horse. But he was quite right when he said that his horse was saddled. The saddle was on, and was fixed with perfect security, as he imagined, by the surcingle belonging to the horse-rug, which was passed over the seat of the saddle, and so round the horse! As an example of "a man of vast and comprehensive ignorance," this trooper could hardly be matched. The man who tried to mount his horse with the wrong leg, as though he wished to sit with his face to the animal's tail, and another genius who did mount without untying the picketing rope, and then wondered why his horse would not quit the spot, are not to be placed in the same category with the man who saddled his horse with a blanket surcingle. Camp *enmi* has been the great complaint during the time the B.F.F. has been in South Africa. As soon as it became tolerably certain that there would be no fighting, every one asked when the return to Cape

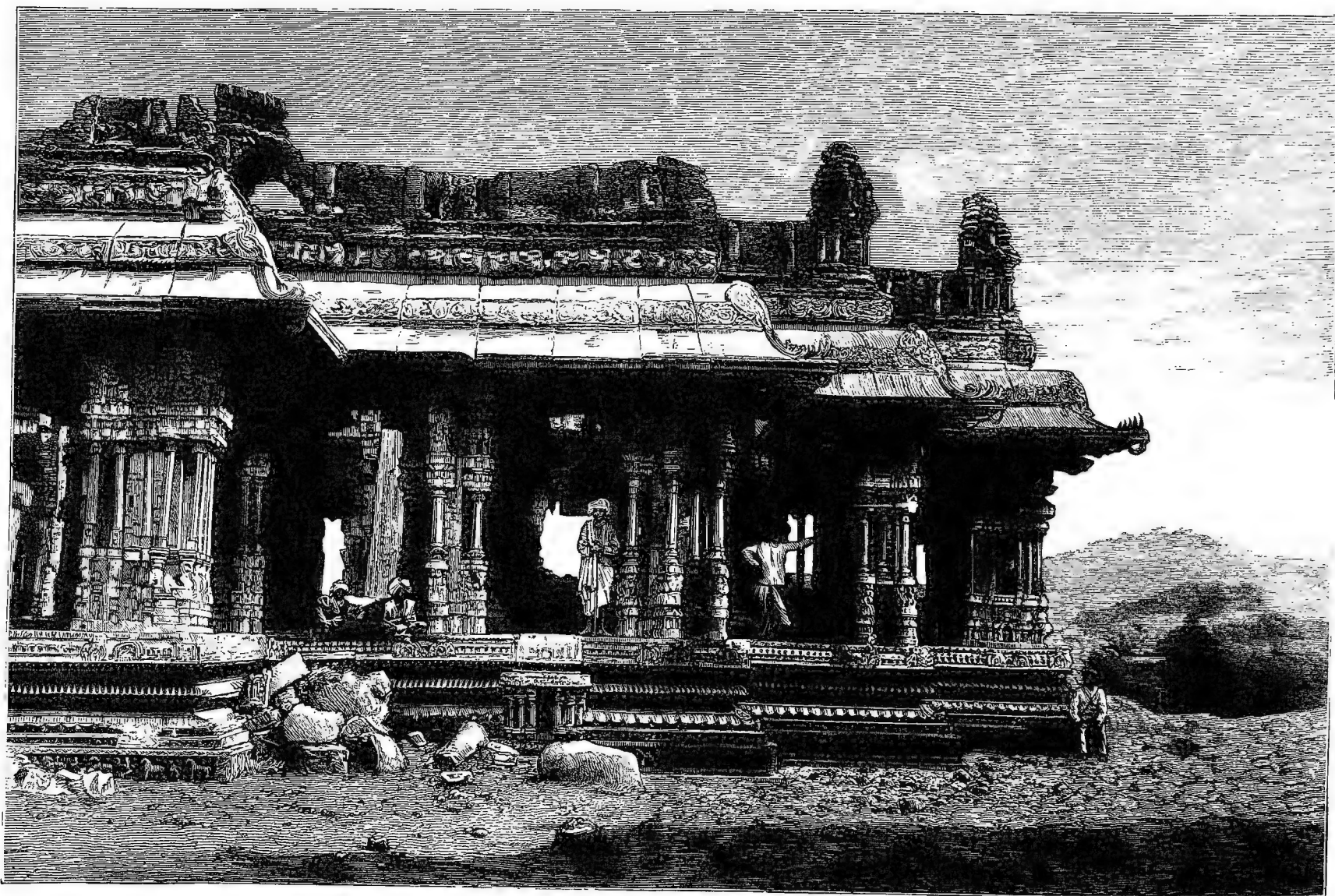




THE WALLS OF ONE OF THE TEMPLES, SHOWING THE BAS-RELIEFS



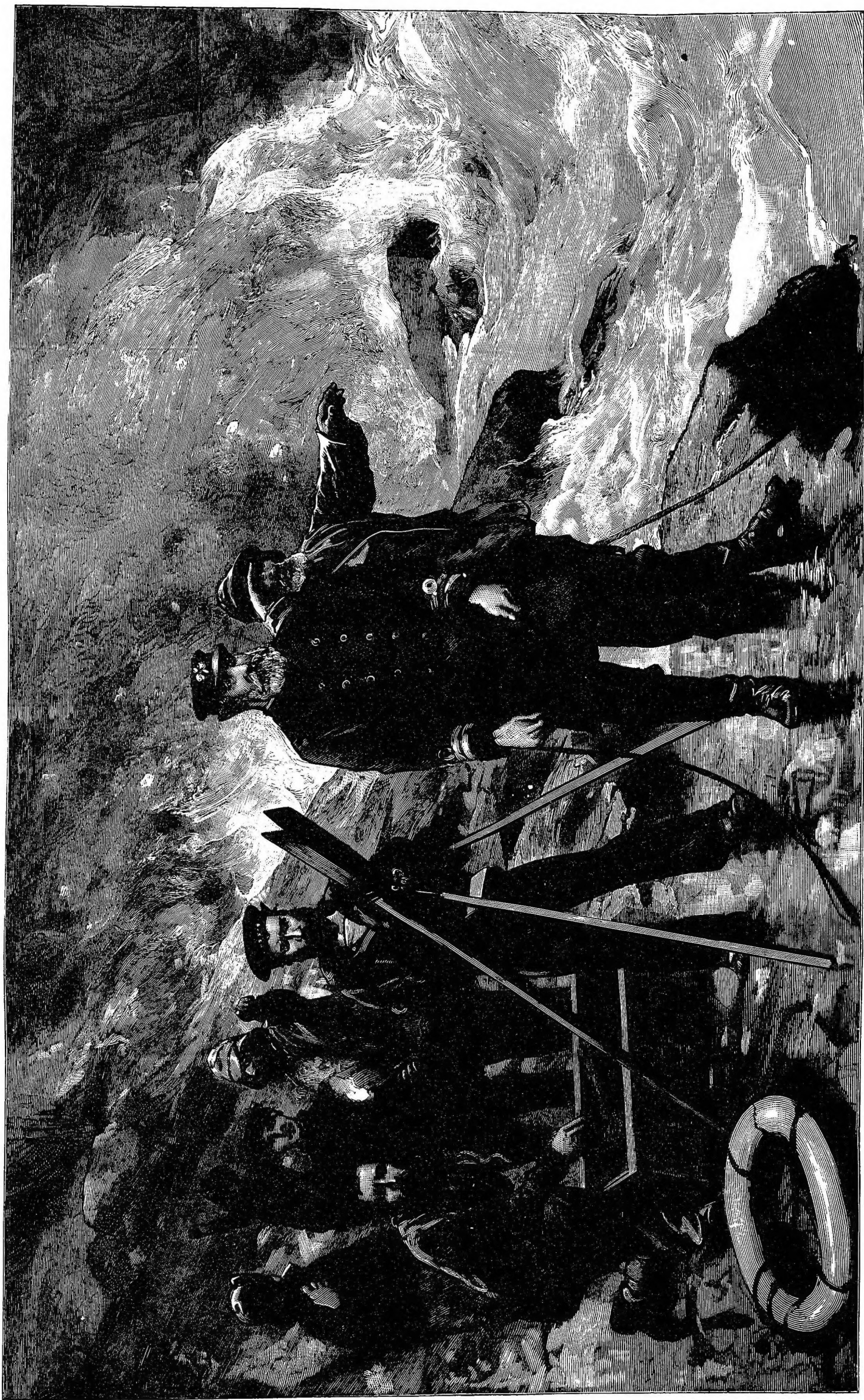
BISHTAPIAH GOPARA



"VITLA ROYA" TEMPLE

RUINS AT HUMPI, MADRAS PRESIDENCY, SOME OF THE MOST ANCIENT TEMPLES IN INDIA





"DID THAT REACH HER?"—AN EPISODE OF THE ROCKET BRIGADE  
FROM THE PICTURE BY JULIUS M. PRICE, PURCHASED FOR THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.



Town would begin. In the mean time life in camp goes on from day to day with nothing much to relieve the monotony of the routine but the arrival of the English mail. Methuen's troopers are great at singing, and give numerous evening concerts; they have also started a drum and fife band.

Military sports have also been held from time to time to provide something in the way of amusement, but nothing can prevent the men longing, not for home, but for a change to Egypt, Afghanistan, or anywhere provided there will be something to do. The heavy rains did not last long, and the plague of flies began to cease about the end of April. Still they are not happy up in Bechuanaland.

W. S. R.



It is impossible to notice a posthumous novel of Mr. Fergus, without reference to his death almost as soon as he achieved the popularity which in these days has to stand for fame. Whether the enormous success of "Called Back," in times when for any work of fiction to attract general attention is something extraordinary, would have been completely justified by more deliberate and elaborate work, must now for ever remain unknown. "A Family Affair," by Hugh Conway (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), will certainly not help to answer the question. No practical purpose can be served by detailed criticism of a work which will be mainly read, we imagine, because it came from the pen of its author, and then in anything but a critical mood. Speaking generally, however, we cannot think that, had it been published before "Called Back," it would have been received with more than ordinary attention, or regarded as giving any indication of its writer's special powers. The story has a romantic back-ground, though not of the character with which Mr. Fergus has been identified: but its main interest depends upon the humorous portraiture of a pair of oddities in the persons of two brothers, whom Nature evidently intended for two old maids. They have so much the air of being taken from life that they have all the defects which are inevitable when an author, having got hold of an original, attempts to "put him into a book" just as he is, and ventures upon that simple photography which always looks so easy, but which experienced novelists soon discover is simply impossible. Nothing is truer than the paradox that, in fiction, nothing ever seems so unreal as an exact and literal copy—and for this reason, that fiction has to give a fictitious colouring in order to supply the want of the actual voice, eyes, carriage, and so forth of the real man, which cannot be given by any words in the world. We are compelled to doubt if Mr. Fergus would ever have been distinguished as a painter of character. But there is no reason whatever to be found in "A Family Affair" for judging that he would not have sustained his reputation in a more congenial direction; and then his style, though it suggests the loss of that unlitary roughness and sincerity which gave a special flavour to "Called Back," is very decidedly improved for more ordinary purposes. It is more self-conscious and artificial, no doubt, but gains in grace and flexibility. On the whole, without adding to the reputation of its lamented author, "A Family Affair" will in no respect lessen it, and will help to define its character. Mr. Fergus was obviously anything but versatile, and his latest work shows many of the limits of his powers.

Mr. Charles Gibbon's "Heart's Delight" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is a romance of the most uncompromising kind. Probabilities are not merely disregarded, but are set at defiance, as if out of downright delight in the process. Second-sighted Highland ladies, incidents belonging to the Middle Ages, and so forth, are mixed up with the favourite contemporary topic of dynamite conspiracies, brought into contrast with modern life, and made to centre round a certain Milly Kerr, and Queen Victoria. One of the most picturesque characters reproduces, under the name of the Comte de Blanc, otherwise called the Chevalier, the gentleman, lately deceased, whom some persons supposed to be last of the royal House of Stuart: and his portrait is drawn by Mr. Gibbon with a certain sympathetic enthusiasm. The story is almost too extravagant to be really interesting: but it is told with unflagging spirit, and without a single interruption in the shape of description or reflection. The characters do not seem to require commonly adequate motives for their deeds and misdeeds. The whole mission in their happily fictitious life is to go, and to go hard: and they fulfil it, as Mr. Gibbon's many admirers will not need to be told.

"Leap Year," by M. A. Curtois (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), has talent, but of an undeveloped and elementary kind. The leading character, though original in conception, fails through being drawn by an uncertain hand, and so weakly, that the interest naturally belonging to it prematurely vanishes. The same remarks apply to the story, which is good in itself, but is sketched too slightly and feebly. The reader is perpetually being led to expect something that never happens. Nevertheless the novel is one of promise; and leads us, like its incidents, to expect something much better hereafter, without, we trust, the same danger of disappointment.

Not much need be said of "The Law Forbids," by Katharine King (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). It is not a work of literary art, but a specimen of manufacture. Indeed, as a sample of padding it is remarkable. Three beautiful girls have each some half-dozen lovers with whom they play in the usual fashion, finally choosing the least eligible; so that really the novel might, even for variety's sake, have been advantageously diminished by full two-thirds. The authoress seems to know a good deal more about the points of a horse than about points of grammar, judging from such English as "such a man as him," and "such a woman as her," for which she cannot plead that she makes her characters responsible. But it is something to avoid monotony even in one respect—it is avoided in no other.

"Love the Reward," by Philip May (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), can scarcely claim to be called a novel at all. It is less a connected story than a series of anecdotes and scraps of modern history, compiled decidedly in the interests of Nihilism. As a sketch of the Russian people, and more especially of the revolutionary element, it is unquestionably interesting. The story is of the present day, and many of the persons introduced have figured prominently in contemporary history, including Vera Sassulitch, and the last two Czars. Mr. May says that Englishmen should not more judge the Nihilists by the pictures drawn by an aristocrat than a Russian should gather his knowledge of English society from the Society journals. We hope, for the credit of human nature, that Mr. May's own pictures of Russian official tyranny are also over-coloured; but his terrible pictures have an air of realism likely to make a very strong impression on any open mind.

#### THE FACULTY AFLOAT

A DEAD donkey is one of the wonders of the world. Agur declared there were three things that afforded him unlimited surprise, although in these days of lighter morals, the Waterloo Cup, and high-class sheep-farming, they need astonish nobody; but one is astounded and puzzled to say where ships' surgeons come from. That they are "experienced" goes without saying; but where do they gain their experience? Jack afloat is seldom sick, and, when

he is ill, it is from drinking sea-water grog. The stewardess rarely increases the population—at least, at sea—and the captain and officers usually enjoy an heroic treatment of their own, comprised, in a general way, of patent medicines, marlin-spikes, rope-yarn, and tumbler of sea-water. The stewards are pasty-faced, bilious people, it is true; but the basins they carry about seem to contain the whole of the Pharmacopœia for them. Whence, then, the medical erudition with which the nautical surgeon is credited? In the old days of the sailing East Indiamen he was always associated in shipping advertisements with the cow. "Carries a cow, and an experienced surgeon," was the usual formula used for the fascination of intending passengers; but it is noticeable that the cow took precedence of the surgeon—the inference being that she was the more important passenger of the two in the owner's eyes. Wherever they come from, whether, like ducklings, they desert the maternal bosom of the schools for the water or not, it is noticeable that there are three distinct types of sea-going surgeons—the ardent student, the soured land-lubber, and the more or less successful imitation of the last fashionable London physician of the day. One of the first type I once saw tying a patient's leg, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to the weather-rigging for a fracture. The patient looked dolorous in the extreme under the cure; but his spirits were fortified by copious draughts of rum-and-water. His medical attendant regretted that it was not the foretopgallant brace to which the limb was attached; but that may have been a professional pleasantry. One, consulting the second type for an agonising toothache, was advised to chew plug tobacco; and a representative of the third class was in the habit of dropping a copy of the *Lancet* all about the ship, and asking if any one had found it. But undoubtedly he was the least amusing. The soured land-lubber excelled him in that respect, and the following conversation between him and a credulous passenger will exhibit his tactics. It was after dinner, at dessert, and the passenger had already eaten of many more dishes than were good for him, or for any one else:

"There's Brazil nuts," quoth the doctor to his neighbour, pushing the dish towards him; "finish them."

"You are sure they are wholesome?" asked the other doubtfully, and looking earnestly into the doctor's face.

"At sea—yes."

He finished the nuts.

"Now, a bottle of ship's sherry," said the doctor. I don't know if in these days a paternal Government grants young officers enjoying a free passage an Imperial pint of sherry—perhaps to make them pugnacious—but in those days it did. Griffin put himself outside his pint of sherry, and his face was very red afterwards. "Any more?" inquired the Doctor soothingly. "No? Then when you go to your cabin ask the steward to make you a couple of Welsh rarebits, and a half-and-half tumbler of hot whisky and water. A quart of porter, if you prefer it. To-morrow I will see you, and ask how you are," he added with a fine irony that was lost on his companion. Needless to say that next day Ensign Griffin was comparing himself to Jonah, and wondering whether the whale's stomach was any worse than his own. The treatment, however, that medical men sometimes meet with on board ship would curdle the milk of human kindness in any one's bosom. On one of the old East Indiamen there was a doctor—a first-rate physician, too—who tended a patient suffering from liver disease all through the voyage like a brother. When the hat went round for the surgeon—as it did in those days when the shores of Old England were first sighted—this individual retreated to his cabin, and locked himself in. But the doctor was too much for him. Probably he had previous experience of such patients, for he let himself down over the side, and popping his face into the port-hole, he exclaimed in the accents of the clown at Drury Lane, "Here we are again!" Then that niggardly old person had to go on his knees, and with trembling fingers unbuckle his portmanteau, pull out all his shirts and stockings, and from the bowels of his trunk extract a pill-box labelled "poison"—for precaution's sake, but really filled with golden sovereigns, one of which he presented to the Doctor with—his blessing. Possibly the surgeon may have made 10*l.* that voyage for the care of some fifty persons suffering more or less from diseases incident to a tropical climate; but if he did the realisation of his gains at the end of the voyage must have been even harder than his professional duties all through it, for the lame, the halt, and the blind evinced a wonderful alacrity in dodging their medical adviser behind hatchways and masts, and, in short, all round the ship.

The scientific doctor has a bad time on board ship. In all likelihood impecuniosity, not science, has driven him to the sea; but it is obviously difficult to emulate the labours of Huxley, Thompson, or Tyndall while the ship is rolling, and everlasting raps on the cabin-door announce another and another patient. First it is the stewardess, who presides over the ladies' department. (Rap, tap.) "Please, sir, Miss Hussey is very bad with sea sickness. She says if you can't cure her she'd be obliged if you'd send something to kill her right out." (Scientific Doctor over his microscope.) "Ah! but that would amount to murder. *How I wish it didn't!*"

Enter a steward: "Will you give us suthin' for that h'old h'injun gent in No. 19? He's roarin' and ravin' like a Bengal tiger with the gout."

S. D. "I'll come to him presently. Shade of Galen! they'll be the death of me. Just as I was on the eve of a discovery too!" (Proceeds to compound medicines, for every sea-going doctor is his own druggist and chemist.)

So it goes on, all day and all night, to the annoyance and mental bewilderment of the man of science, who, it is to be feared, administers curious microscopic creatures in pills, and the wonders of the deep sea in draughts that they make more nauseous still.

The difficulties which medical science has to contend with on the bosom of old ocean are not confined only to discovery; they are encountered continually in the ordinary practice of the healing art. I once saw a ship's surgeon endeavouring to lance a large boil on the end of a patient's nose in a gale of wind. The boil was one of those huge swellings common to the West Coast of India in the mango season, and it looked much like a pumpkin attached to the man's proboscis. Big as it was the doctor could not nip it off. The patient clung desperately to the post of his bunk, and the surgeon, holding on to another post, made darts at his nose, which the violence of the ship's motion rendered always abortive. A London policeman would probably have taken the doctor up on suspicion of aggravated assault had he seen him with a lethal weapon in his hand making furious lunges at the other. At last there was a second of steadiness when the ship stood on an even keel. The surgeon's thrust went home, and the patient was precipitated to the further side of the cabin holding his bleeding nose, which now resembled a gigantic beetroot. In compensation for these, and other annoyances, the surgeon has generally a comfortable cabin, with a formidable array of drugs in bottles on the well-secured shelves, handsomely fitted in mahogany. Here it is that he takes his modest glass of grog, and spins his perhaps not quite modest yarn, for the sea-faring physician is full of anatomical anecdotes, such as that of the honest farmer, who being asked what he thought of a *decolleté* lady going to a ball, replied: "Faix, an' bedad, sir, I never saw so much of a woman since I was weaned!"

It would seem as if the sea developed eccentricities, or at all events mannerisms, in men, and doctors are no exception to the rule. Many years ago I sailed with a ship's surgeon who was the incarnation of Dickens' Mark Tapley. No weather, or discomfort of any kind, could damp this worthy surgeon's jollity; for the more it blew; the more the big green waves came swish on the fo'castle and poured into the cabins; the more the

passengers grumbled at the storm-fare of biscuits and rum and water, the oftener was heard the doctor's chirpy salutation of "Ain't it jolly?" and just as if he meant it. It was related of this very good-humoured man that he once fell overboard while in the act of catching a shark on the Equator. He could not swim, and the neighbourhood was anything but a desirable one in which to take one's pleasure, the shark having been only hooked slightly. But when they had lowered a boat and picked up the nearly drowned doctor the first thing he said was, feebly, it is true, but distinctly, "Ain't it jolly?" He was a favourite with every one, this good medico, and if he is cruising about the world still and reads these lines I hope he will pardon the liberty I take with his *sobriquet*—Jolly.

A different doctor of a very pronounced type was one that had apparently been deeply impressed with Dickens' Jack Bunsby, for he was a man of the very fewest words. Speech was not silver with him, but downright base metal. He, too, had a formula in the one unprofitable reply to all questions: "Not knowing, can't say." He evidently had great faith in this phrase for all the situations of life, and it was admirably adapted to his own acquaintance with his profession. Sometimes the effect of the formula was ludicrous, and yet apposite, as when the parson inquired after his immortal soul, and a frightened lady asked him if they were going to the bottom? How he passed his examination was a wonder to every one, for the use of his formula was second nature to him; but there were patients who wished he had not, when, on putting the question to him if they were in danger, they were answered, as usual, by "Not knowing, can't say."

The dramatic doctor is not often seen, doubtless because acting is not consonant with the traditions of the profession, but I once met a stage-struck doctor of the sea who ranted in his cabin and misquoted Shakespeare on the decks. He was a simple-minded man, very stout, and they persuaded him to take a doctor's part in an original burlesque they were getting up on board. The doctor's knowledge of medicine was of the haziest description, as many of the audience, who had taken his pills and potions, well knew; consequently there was a roar of laughter when he sang in the performance of his part—

Let men delight, to get too tight  
For 'tis their nature to,  
I'll give them pills to cure their ills,  
Or else their business do.

It was generally felt, both externally and internally, that on that occasion the doctor looked and lived his part. But it is not uncommon to meet nautical surgeons who are tedious in enforcing their reading upon you, nor is the dinner hour and the fat bacon much improved when the doctor, to show the range of his studies, repeats whole pages of Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett. The only consolation to the diner under such untoward circumstances is to watch the awed expression on the captain's, or perhaps the first mate's, face. It is as if they could no more make such intelligence out than a baboon. The doctor is, indeed, a link between the sea and the shore, and is to the Merchant Service what the Marine officer is to the Navy.

But we are as much at a loss as ever to find out what brings men who can phycise the Queen's lieges ashore to the unprofitable practice of dosing them afloat. Sea-going surgeons are chary of affording information on the subject unless they are sentimental, and the conversation is in the "sma' hours." Then, indeed, the inevitable woman appears on the scene, and we learn that she is just as mischievous to sailors as to soldiers, only she drives the one into fire, the other—water. The pay is certainly no inducement to medical men to go afloat, for it often consists of nothing in cash. A bank, the society of the cow, and the run of his teeth is often deemed sufficient remuneration for the "bone-setter," but liberal owners evince no objection to his getting as much out of their passengers as he can. That, however, is but little, setting aside the indisposition of exiles to part with their coin on first revisiting their native land. The doctor is generally a gentleman, and has too much self-respect to cry "Stand and deliver!" to his patients. It could be wished, nevertheless, for the benefit of the sea-going surgeons generally, that a few Benjamin Allens and Bob Sawyers should take to the water. Their ingenious modes of getting fees would be serviceable at sea, and their examples might help to fill the pockets of a very worthy but little noticed class of people.

F. E. W.



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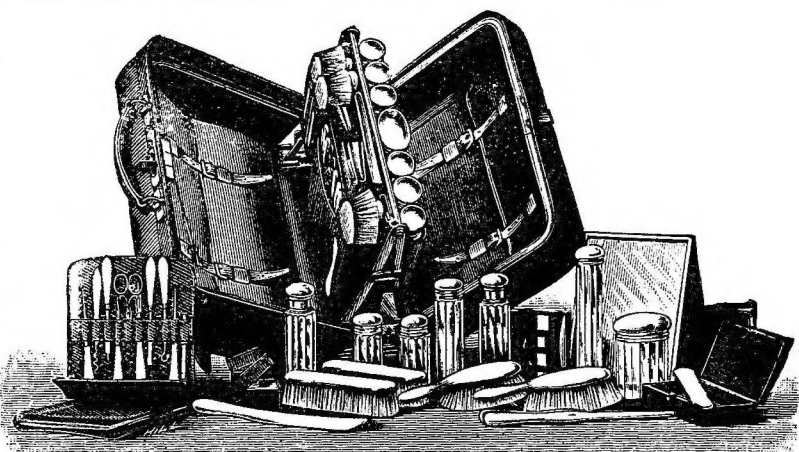
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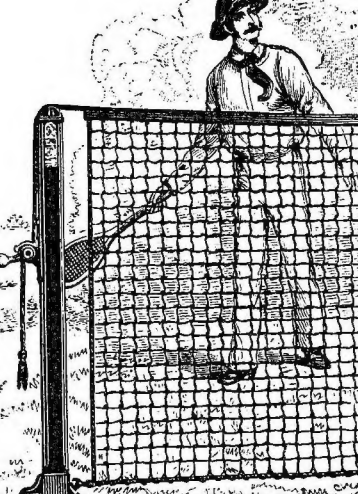
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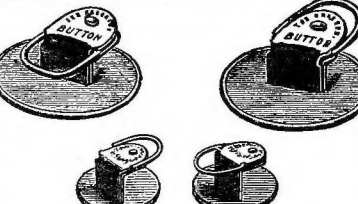
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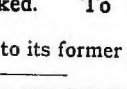
Solitaires Sleeve Links Cuff Studs Collar Studs

Pocket Book & Purse Fasteners Legging & Gaiter Clasp, &c.

The object of this invention is to facilitate, by simple means, the buttoning of stiff Linen or Paper Wristbands, Cuffs, Collars, and other articles of wearing apparel, and thereby increase their durability.

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It is an easy thing to pass an ordinary button half-way through the button-hole, but it is very difficult to get any stiff material over the other half. The "CHAMPION" BUTTON entirely obviates this difficulty.

In this position  pass the Button through the hole, then turn the  Loop over, thus,  till it snaps and becomes locked. To unbutton return the Loop to its former position.

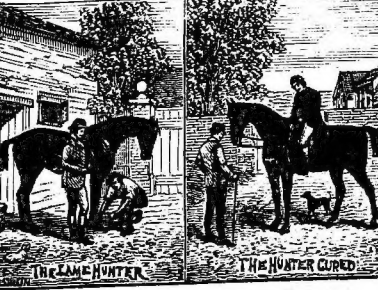
OF ALL HOSEIERS AND FANCY SHOPS.

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"Sirs,—I find Elliman's Embrocation exceedingly good for sprains and cuts in horses, and also for cuts in hounds' feet. I shall strongly recommend it to all my friends.—Yours faithfully, J. M. BROWNE."

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"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in the stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.

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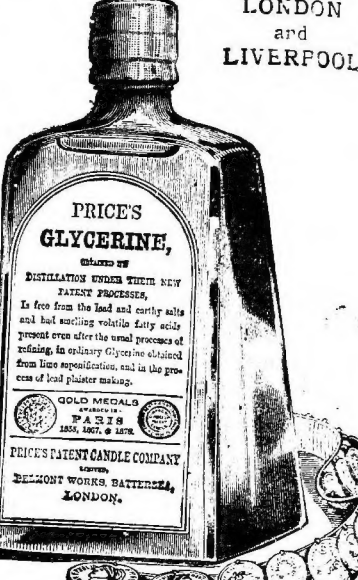


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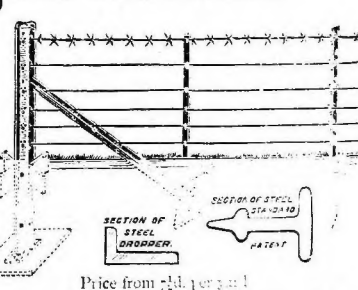


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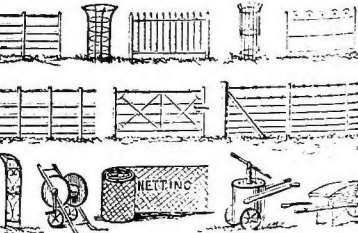
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